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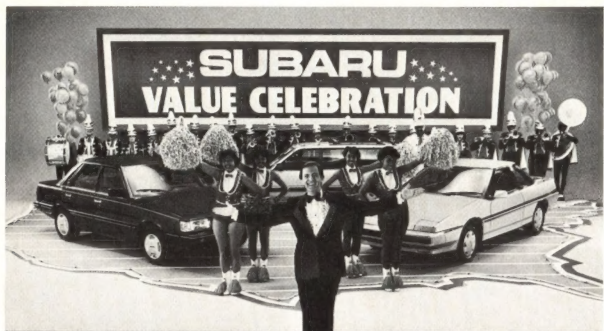
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

COVER: Hart's fall and the Iran-contra hearings raise painful questions about leadership 14

In a shocking twist of fate, the front runner for the 1988 Democratic presidential nomination ends a campaign that disintegrated almost overnight amid charges of adultery, hypocrisy and gross recklessness. While the stunning collapse of Gary Hart leaves the party without a clear-cut favorite in the '88 race for the White House, it poses a larger question for voters and the press:



When is an inquiry into a politician's private behavior legitimate, and when is it an unfair intrusion that says nothing about his qualifications for public office? ▶ One of the central figures in the underground sale of U.S. weapons to the *contras* and Iran, retired Air Force Major General Richard Secord, testifies that he was



told Reagan was aware of the rogue operation's illegal dealings. ▶ Secretary of State George Shultz responds to criticism from Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger of the Administration's imminent arms-control deal. See NATION.

WORLD: South Africa's white voters, 42 frightened by violence, lurch to the right

The ruling National Party easily holds on to power, while the far-right Conservatives become the House of Assembly's main opposition group. ▶ France is set to open the trial of former Gestapo Leader Klaus Barbie, the "Butcher of Lyons." ▶ Reports from the Soviet and rebel sides of the Afghanistan war. ▶ How the new U.S. immigration law is affecting life in one Mexican town.



54 Economy & Business

Wal-Mart's Sam
Walton turns bargains into billions. ▶ The troubled temples of thrift. ▶ Tension over smoking on the job.

76 Living

At long last the mini is back—not the paper-doll dresses of the '60s but bubbled, tubed and sexy. In short, the very best sign of spring.

64

Computers

Want to see a black hole or a rhinovirus? Computer images are providing scientists with a better understanding of nature.

78

Show Business

A Beatles song shows up on a TV commercial and a little pop history is made. Is it a real *Revolution* or just a slick ad for new sneaks?

68

Education

Father Ted Hesburgh, a commanding visionary and a "darlin' man," retires after 35 distinguished years as head of Notre Dame.

85

Cinema

Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman star in a road picture like the old Hope-Crosby comedies. *Ishtar* is funny, but its \$40 million cost isn't.

73

Sport

Baseball's perennial hope, the new Willie Mays, arrives in a hail of home runs. Trumpets are blaring for Cincinnati's Eric Davis.

90

Essay

Why should sex be an issue in politics? For reasons of character that go well beyond sex and into deeper territory.

7 Letters

12 American Scene

62 Law

65 Religion

66 Medicine

75 People

79 Books

87 Music

88 Milestones

Cover:

Photograph by Steve Liss; inset by Ian Marks—Gamma/Liaison

A Letter from the Publisher

Among publications around the world, TIME has a newsgathering operation that has long been known for the breadth and quality of its coverage. The magazine's news service is made up of ten domestic and 20 foreign bureaus, staffed by 87 correspondents and more than 200 part-time reporters. Those journalists conduct interviews, evaluate official reports, spot trends and press experts for the inside knowledge that a TIME story requires. Frequently the correspondents write these stories; at other times they file reports for the editorial staff in New York City. Overseeing this redoubtable force is John Stacks, who last week became TIME's chief of correspondents and an assistant managing editor.

Stacks, 45, graduated from Yale in 1964 with a degree in political science. He reported for the Washington Star before joining TIME's Washington bureau in 1967. After a tour as Boston bureau chief, where he covered the 1972 New England primaries, he returned in 1973 to Washington as the bureau's news editor, directing coverage of the Watergate scandal, cultivating confidential sources and handling a series of notable exclusive stories. He then began to study a more forthcoming subject, the campaigning politician. He was national political correspondent through the 1980 elections, served as White House corre-



John Stacks: fostering curiosity and imagination

spondent in 1982 and then moved to New York City in 1983 as TIME's East regional bureau chief. In 1985 he became a deputy chief of correspondents. "Journalists are individualists, and the thoughtful journalism that TIME depends on can't be ordered up as if it were a sales goal or a factory quota," says Stacks. "My job is to foster their curiosity, independence and imagination."

One of Stacks' many duties is to evaluate the news events of each week for the other editors. He acknowledges the debt he owes in this area to his father Harry, a Pennsylvania newspaper editor who is now retired. "He cares deeply about the craft of journalism," says Stacks, "and his concern that it be done well is something I share."

Henry Muller, former chief of correspondents who last week became TIME's managing editor, praises Stacks' journalistic acumen. "He understands American politics as well as any journalist I know," says Muller. "His views are incisive, reasoned and clearly stated. He is one of the people on whom I will rely most when deciding what goes into TIME each week."

Robert L. Miller

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Letters

Songs of Spirit

To the Editors:

U2 is the most important band in the world [MUSIC, April 27]. With their songs, these musicians convey a sense of justice and evoke a wholesome feeling in the hearts and minds of their listeners.

Edward J. Barfield
Hazelwood, Mo.



The music of U2 embodies a trend that differs markedly from the mood of the songs of the 1960s. Although philanthropy remains the general theme of the lyrics, the composers have abandoned their anti-Establishment tone and given way to a more humanitarian sentiment. Hunger, war and apathy are out; food, peace and empathy are in.

Edward C. Henschel
West Hyannisport, Mass.

Is your writer serious about U2's social statements? Can he really hear the "moral imperatives" above the turbid screaming and screeching? Great musicians have made political statements with their music, which was not stylized through the gimmickry of electronics.

Emil Agosta
Weaverly, N.C.

At last adults are beginning to recognize the integrity and morality that rock groups are trying to show us. U2 reaches its audience in a way that no organized church can ever hope to achieve.

Linda Kennedy
Perkiomenville, Pa.

While many people are into U2 for "deep and meaningful" reasons, most of us just love the sound and the words. Frankly, I am tired of incomprehensible lyrics that end with "oooh, baby." U2 does not insult our intelligence. The band's music makes the hair on my neck stand up and my brain work. That is the best of both worlds, wouldn't you say?

Pauline Belleville
Burbank, Calif.

Disarmament Options

Why not take the Soviets, who are making so many concessions on arms control [NATION, April 27], at face value? The U.S. cried out over Chernobyl but suffered little from the effects. In the Soviet Union, the situation is quite different. Soviet politicians must live with the fear that Chernobyl generated, and it is possible that this accident triggered a change in their thinking about the contamination that would result from nuclear war. The Soviets are scared. They have been to the brink of hell and want to walk away.

Roy S. Wilson
Corvallis, Ore.

Will our NATO allies ever make up their minds about nuclear weapons? In the early 1980s, when the Europeans staged mass protests against U.S. missiles on their soil, some West European leaders hedged on the decision to allow additional arms to be based in their countries. Now, fearing a Soviet attack with conventional weapons, some of these very same politicians have turned around 180° to say that nuclear warheads may not be such a bad idea. If our NATO allies cannot decide what position to take, then the U.S. must take a stand on its own. We should start working toward nuclear disarmament instead of just talking about it. Western Europe must begin to accept responsibility for a greater share of its defense.

Kevin J. Milliken
Columbus

Whatever the motives behind Mikhail Gorbachev's current peace offensive, why not accept these initiatives as honest gestures? The Soviets have had 40 years of relative peace and prosperity. Their war mentality is getting soft around the edges. I believe Gorbachev displays courage. The voices emanating from both superpowers suddenly seem less bellicose and more conciliatory. That is good news.

Bruce Brashear
Malmö, Sweden

I hate to admit it, but Gorbachev is giving the arms-control talks fresh and helpful impulses. He is putting forth concessions that no other Soviet leader has ever made. If the U.S. does not respond soon, a historical chance will be missed. We have no option: we have to accept Gorbachev's offers.

Steffen Klær
Lüdinghausen, West Germany

Standardizing Sentences

It is true, as you note in your article on the attempt to make prison sentences more uniform [LAW, April 27], that a 10% increase in the prison population over the next decade would be intolerable. But the actual increase could be vastly greater. If just one piece of legislation like last year's drug bill, which calls for stiffer



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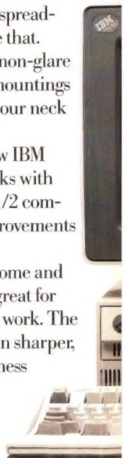
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Letters

sentencing, is factored in, the increase will be much larger. We simply cannot lock everybody up. Something has got to give. Congress must choose: either allocate many billions of dollars for new prisons, or use imprisonment only where necessary and make greater use of such alternatives as fines, restitution, supervised home confinement, community service and probation, particularly for nonviolent and first offenders.

*H. Scott Wallace, Legislative Director
National Association of Criminal
Defense Lawyers
Washington*

Fleet Upkeep

Your story on the debate over two replacement aircraft carriers for the Navy [NATION, April 27] inaccurately reported my position. The article, quoting an October memorandum, implied that I did not support the two-carrier concept. Such a conclusion is simply not correct.

In the October memorandum to the Deputy Secretary of Defense, I furnished my views on the Navy initiative to accelerate aircraft-carrier acquisition by four years. Looking at the carrier proposal in isolation, I noted that it was fiscally sound, but I suggested that we consider the larger picture, as well as the full spectrum of the Navy's programs, before making a final decision. This was done, and my concerns were satisfied.

In my recent testimony before Congress, I made clear that I fully supported the two aircraft carriers, which, rather than adding to the size of the fleet, will replace 1940s- and '50s-vintage ships quickly approaching the end of their service life.

*William J. Crowe Jr., Chairman
Joint Chiefs of Staff
Washington*

TIME regrets the error.

Sanitizing Radio

The FCC warning to radio stations about the use of offensive language and material on the air is an insult to the public [NATION, April 27]. Americans should be allowed to decide on their own what is indecent. When they are offended by what they hear, listeners can change the station or turn off the radio.

*Mary Alice Wood
Quincy, Mass.*

The stock response "If you don't like it, you don't have to listen" is a phony argument. No one has the right to foul the airwaves any more than he has a right to foul the streets. God bless those in the FCC who have the courage to try to enforce a level of decency.

*Jim Parker
Virginia Beach, Va.*

The airwaves are really a buyer's market. If you do not like what you are hearing, you can turn it off. If enough peo-

ple do not listen to a program, it becomes commercially unprofitable. The one thing I am not buying is the FCC's sanctimonious paternalism.

*Theodore C. DeZabala
Wayne, N.J.*

Competing with Japan

Some of us in U.S. industry think it is time to set the record straight about our trading situation with Japan [WORLD, April 13]. An unprecedented rise in the dollar from 1980 to 1985 discounted the price of foreign products in this country, and priced U.S. goods out of many world markets. It was that period that saw this country's trade deficit slip from a modest \$25 billion to more than \$170 billion and the U.S.-Japan deficit increase fivefold. It certainly did not help that Japan kept its market glaringly closed to some products and more subtly to others. Further, I do not think you would find that any business competing against the Japanese was experiencing stagnation. We all know we have to match or exceed their technology, innovation and quality to hold our position in the marketplace.

*Donald E. Petersen
Chairman of the Board
Ford Motor Co.
Dearborn, Mich.*

Shaped to Suit

When I saw your article about that merry gang of architect-builders, the Jersey Devil [AMERICAN SCENE, April 27], I was impressed. Imagine, a house shaped like a football! But there was no modest home in the shape of a coffee cup for a waitress or of Ralph Kramden for a bus driver. Unfortunately, these renegade architects, for all their noble ideals, are merely creating playgrounds for the wealthy. Come on, build me, a simple workingman, a house that looks like a guitar or a fox terrier.

*Jeff Boccaduto
Elmwood Park, N.J.*

Call the houses designed by the Jersey Devil irreverent, call them expressionistic, but also call them ugly and ostentatious.

*Robin F. Lawson
Salem, Mass.*

As a resident of Greater Cleveland, I think our city deserves to be the home for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. However, when Architect Steve Bandanes says he would like to build it in the shape of a pair of blue jeans, that is going too far. Let him build his jokes elsewhere.

*Barbara Wolpaw Drossin
Shaker Heights, Ohio*

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American Scene

In Arizona: A Rancher's Bookstore

A lonesome widow runs a bookshop on a ranch in Arizona, one of the warmest bookshops on earth. Her name is Winifred Bundy, and her establishment is called the Singing Wind. You go north out of Benson on the Ocotillo Road, cross the train tracks and proceed 2½ miles across a cattle guard to the shot-up mailbox—SINGING WIND, it says, a careworn advertisement that is easy to miss—where you hang a right on dirt, continue a quarter of a mile, open a gate, close it behind you and continue another quarter of a mile past horses, cows and a pair of feuding cats. The trail pays out at the ranch house, where Winifred keeps store behind a mesquite door.

Before entering, it is useful to poke about—that is if it is in a season when the wind doesn't knock you flat. The wind doesn't "sing" through the Aleppo pines in these parts so much as it tries to uproot them (the hardest evidence of its vigor is on the barn's tin roof; but for the weight of a slew of dead tires, nature would snatch away that galvanized hat). Violets grow in the yard year-round and tulips in spring. Off in one direction the Whetstone Mountains glower; in another, the Empire Mountains; in another, the Huachuacas; in another, the Dragons, big and little. Birds in the air include meadowlarks, a splash of yellow on their underparts, and vermilion flycatchers, and four or five different hawks, the Cooper's sparrow hawk and the red-tailed being the most prominent. In the cottonwoods down by the San Pedro River there are eagles. And skittering across the sere terrain are deer, weasels and badgers. Beneath the dinner bell by the back door is a sign: SINGING WIND BOOKSHOP. HEADQUARTERS FOR BOOKS ABOUT THE SOUTHWEST. STUFF OF DREAMS MAKE UP BOOKS.

Half the time you won't catch Winifred minding the firm. She could be in the kitchen baking brownies or chocolate-chip cookies. Or she could be in the fiberglass hothouse picking peas, pulling chard. She might be off on her bicycle feeding cows. She may have gone to town to fetch dry goods. She is a firecracker in a pair of bluchers, a woman the shape of a cigarette, with energy to burn. Winifred runs to get a drink of water. "I have no real hours," she says. "If I'm here, fine. If not, tough luck." Calling ahead doesn't always work either. "I detest telephone-answering machines. I put the phone by the door and leave the door open and hope I hear it, but you never know."

If all this does not sound like careful management practice, there you are: Winifred never set out to be a careful manager. The daughter of a General Mo-

tors vagabond, she attended 22 schools before she reached twelfth grade. In Minnesota, shortly before she got her diploma, she met Robert Bundy, who was working on a master's in electrical engineering. He was nine years older, but "he looked real young." They were married in 1949, and Bob went to work in Los Angeles. "His object was to get to Tucson for me, because it was dry, and I had asthma." When a job opened up in 1952, "we moved like a shot." In 1956 she earned a degree in history and English from the



Rancher Bundy keeps books everywhere

University of Arizona. That was also the year they bought the Singing Wind ranch, about an hour's drive out of Tucson. It is a section, or 640 acres, or a square mile, or not much land by local standards.

Three kids, two boys and a girl, 4-H and Future Farmers of America, calving and irrigating pretty much ate up the next few years. The children grew, the wind blew, the dust flew, and, by 1973, here stood Winifred wondering what to do. She had flirted with the notion of opening a bookshop, but lacked capital. Then it was that her husband, a soft touch, took in two horrid German shepherds to board while the owners went to Europe. The dogs tormented the horses until a mare reached her limit and kicked out one dog's eye. When the owners returned, Winifred presented them with a \$600 bill for feed and the veterinarian. Those funds stocked two shelves

of books in her alcove. She was in business.

Word of mouth soon drew a "steady trickle" of readers, some riding high in the saddle, others in pickup trucks. She wrote to publishers, small presses, obscure literati specializing in the Southwest and the American Indian. Gradually she built a collection of more than 10,000 volumes, a repository that scholars, authors, regional libraries and Old West freaks came to rely on. Nowadays the shop has even become a stop on the tour-bus routes out of Tucson. Her customers aren't the sort whose taste runs to Zane Grey—no, they are more likely looking to flesh out a study of, say, Texas John Slaughter with a document first published when the century was young. Winifred either has it, will find it or will spin out of control trying. Such work kept her pushing on during her toughest trial, the death of her husband four years ago.

The two rooms that serve as the store are full to bursting with books. The logical expansion, the next room, is the bedroom Winifred shared with Bob. She has been sleeping there 31 years, and she cannot bear to give it up. So the business simply overflows all over the house. When there is a herd of browsers afoot in the place, she has been known to cut her deals with sales reps out in the road over the trunks of their cars. When presented with a credit card, she has been known to say, "I'm not going to get involved in that credit-card junk."

"Why, I would buy something if you'd take my Visa," a particularly stiff Ohioan said the other day.

"Well buy it anyway," said Winifred, "and send me the money later."

When presented with cash—she prefers checks, not wanting much cash on hand—she will fish around in her jeans and come up with some wadded-up change. "Uh," said a flustered Midwesterner one recent afternoon, "you mind ironing this money?"

All of which is to say it is real relaxed around the Singing Wind, to say nothing of the best part, the part about its being one of the warmest shops on earth. Winifred used to do this when her husband was alive, but she does it even more now: if you are around about sundown, and you and your mates are interesting, bookish but not stodgy, you stand a good chance of being stood to supper. The beef is from her own Charolais, the vegetables from the hothouse. The music might be an old somebody-done-somebody-wrong cowboy song. Also, the same trick works at noonday if you catch her with one or two spare biscuits in the pan. "I don't mind feeding the customers," Winifred says. "I like good conversation at my table."

—By Gregory Jaynes



Hunted and haunted, Gary Hart confronts the press in New Hampshire and struggles with unflinching questions about adultery

Why It Hurts

The murky worlds of Hart and Secord raise painful questions about what America expects of its leaders and institutions



A man running for President has a weekend off. He spends part of it entertaining a part-time actress from Miami. A newspaper stakes out his home, reports his interlude, and overnight his private life turns into a public obsession. In the relentless glare of the cameras, he testily denies that he had a sexual affair with the woman and bristles over questions about adultery. His popularity slides. Stories surface of another liaison. The candidate, the clear front runner for the Democratic nomination, describes himself as a hunted quarry and withdraws from the field, denouncing the political process.

A retired Air Force general sits hour after hour behind a long table, recounting how U.S. officials created a clandestine network to ship arms to Iran and the Nicaraguan *contras*, conducting what in effect was a secret American foreign policy. In minute detail, he exposes the covert attempts of high officials to circumvent the law. Vinegary and unrepentant, he avows that he was carrying out the policies of his President in an appropriate manner. The President again claims ignorance, saying he is still waiting to find out what his own Administration did.

Democracy demands accountability, both in the policies of its government and from those who wish to make those policies. Sometimes it extracts that accountability unwillingly, uncomfortably, untidily. As the Gary Hart campaign consumed itself with dizzying swiftness and Richard Secord detailed his intricate web, the U.S. received a painful accounting of leaders. All week



Secord, with his lawyer, tells all, or almost all, while Reagan says he knew nothing

there was a sense of the surface of things being stripped away, the underside of public life being exposed to view.

There are many things that Americans do not mind. They are, after all, an indulgent people. Many do not care that their leaders skim the fine print of treaties or are sometimes forgetful. But pretending to be one thing while being another just does not wash. Like claiming not to be a womanizer and then getting caught in what resembled a tryst. Like declaring that America does not bargain with terrorists and then secretly seeking deals with them. In a democracy, hypocrisy is a mortal political sin.

Americans are also sentimental, some would say gullible. Year after year, they enter into a compact with their leaders—and trust them. Yet in the past two decades, that trust has often been betrayed; each time, Americans are disappointed and disillusioned anew. Last week, as a general turned businessman discussed lucrative foreign intrigues and the evening news flashed pictures of a presidential candidate on a yacht called *Monkey Business*, it was easy to feel duped, hard not to feel cynical.

Americans think of themselves as tolerant, just as long as mistakes are admitted and explained, but are unforgiving of those who hide their errors behind a wall of indignation. Last week Gary Hart seemed to draw a curtain around his situation, rather than facing up to what was disquieting about his behavior. When asked in a *TIMI* poll what would bother them more, only 7% cited extramarital sex, while 69% pointed to "not telling the truth." Likewise, as the Iran-*contra* affair has unfolded, Ronald

Reagan has seemed to be evading the truth, rather than confronting it. When asked in the poll what bothered them most about Iran-*contra*, a mere 9% cited sending money to the *contras*, only 25% cited sending arms to Iran, while 51% pointed to not telling the American people "everything that happened."

Underlying the discomfort at watching Hart and Secord is a renewed sense of unease about some of the country's practices and institutions. Once the private behavior of public figures was shielded from view. A conspiracy of croniness united press and politicians. But now all deals are off. The press can stake out the comings and goings of people at a private town house, as well as the takeoffs and landings of planes at unmarked Central American airstrips. But are there some realms of personal privacy and legitimate covert policy that ought not be exposed? Has the system for screening and picking leaders become so harsh and intrusive as to discourage the best from entering it?

A character flaw as old as Icarus was in evidence last week. Behind all the revelations lurked arrogance, a modern hubris. Hart dared the press to stalk him, as though no disclosure could wound him. Secord disdainfully asserted that he could run foreign policy better than those designated to do so. And all along, the President assumed that no one would find out he was sending arms to Iran and evading, rather than enforcing, the ban on aid to the *contras*. They all wrapped themselves in their own misguided certainty, believing they were immune not only from harm but from public accountability.

—By Richard Stengel

Fall from Grace

Seven days in May end with a front runner's implosion



They kissed again, safely at first, then almost violently. He was amazed at the passion in a woman so self-contained, seemingly so remote.

Then she broke off and walked quickly to the chair where he had placed her coat. "It is time," she said. "I must go now, quickly..."

Although he had seen no one, Connaughton sensed they had been watched entering and leaving his apartment building. He had not seen, in the entryway four doors up the street, the slight man in the dark blue coat and the broad-brimmed hat.

—The Strategies of Zeus, by Gary Hart, 1987

"If I had intended a relationship with this woman, believe me—I have written spy novels. I'm not stupid. I wouldn't have done it this way."

—Hart's press conference last Wednesday

The destruction of a public man holds a terrible fascination. One watches transfixed, yet ashamed, as personal dignity gives way to political desperation and hard-won respect is replaced by ribald laughter. It is an ugly spectacle, part Greek tragedy and part game-show television. Character becomes fate as hubris is defined anew. Yet the rituals of humiliation are straight Marshall McLuhan; the medium is the message as the cornered politician endures the prescribed sequence of televised statements, beginning with a tight-lipped acknowledgment of errors in judgment and ending with defiant surrender. So the political process is purified yet again, another heretic is hounded from public life. Some may see a rough frontier justice in the speedy verdict. But others may notice that a less than ennobling odor surrounded the entire affair, and wonder what it is about modern democracy that seems to require living victims.

For Gary Hart, the end came with

brehtaking speed. As the week began, he was the overwhelming front runner for the Democratic presidential nomination, a Gulliver surrounded by political Lilliputians. But then came the most harrowing public ordeal ever endured by a modern presidential contender: a media trial that made George Romney's "brainwashing" and Edmund Muskie's public tears seem almost laughable in comparison. Like Hester Prynne, Hart stood in the public dock accused of adultery.

Of course, the initial charges were slightly more fastidious. A stakeout by a team of Miami Herald reporters yielded a

Hampshire and fly to Denver for the ritual hoisting of the white flag.

Yet even in his political death throes, Hart could barely bring himself to let go his grip on the prize that so narrowly eluded him in 1984. Facing a mob of TV cameras last Friday morning, Hart began boldly, "I intended, quite frankly, to come down here this morning and read a short, carefully worded political statement saying that I was withdrawing from the race, and then quietly disappear from the stage. And then, after frankly tossing and turning all night, as I have for the last three or four nights, I woke up at four or five this morning with a start. And I said to myself, 'Hell, no!'"

It was a stunning moment of political drama, emotionally arresting because it seemed so palpably sincere. Hart supporters in the room erupted in wild applause. A nation of TV viewers thought as one: Was it possible that Hart would fight on? Was it possible that this political loner, this mocker of the canons of orthodoxy, would try to ride out the scandal? Was it possible that Hart would offer up his candidacy in the ultimate test of American tolerance and sense of fair play?

The answer was no. Hart had anticipated the confusion before he faced the press, and had instructed Top Aide Bill Shore to tell senior staffers privately

that his withdrawal was complete and unequivocal. In his statement, Hart tried to blame the press for destroying the dialogue that he was just beginning to conduct with the voters about his vision of the national interest: "If someone's able to throw up a smoke screen and keep it there long enough, you can't get your message across. You can't raise the money to finance a campaign, there's too much static, and you can't communicate."

The most that the seemingly unrepentant Hart would concede was that "I've made some mistakes... maybe big mistakes, but not bad mistakes." Yet the facts, as ambiguous as some of them are,

The Miami Herald

58A PAGES

SUNDAY, MAY 17, 1987

75B PAGES

Miami woman is linked to Hart



A kiss from Wife Lee after the headline about her husband and Donna Rice

Dignity gave way to desperation, and hard-won respect to ribald jokes.

front-page story claiming that Hart had spent most of the weekend with a comely blond, a part-time actress named Donna Rice, 29, whose half-clad modeling photos soon graced newsstands across the country. Hart was forced to concede that he had also taken an overnight boat trip from Miami to Bimini with Rice and two other people on a yacht called *Monkey Business*. But the final blow came when a Washington Post reporter called campaign officials midweek with evidence of a recent liaison between Hart and a Washington woman. The threat of further revelations prompted Hart and his plucky wife Lee to suspend campaigning in New

make clear that Hart brought on his own downfall. Ever since he reconciled for the second time with his wife Lee in 1982, Hart has portrayed himself as a dutiful husband whose 28-year marriage was strengthened by the stress of separation. But in his private conduct, Hart challenged the moralistic conventions of political behavior and ultimately paid the price for his apostasy. Until the very end Hart seemed oblivious to the reality that his actions had consequences. He denied there was anything improper about his friendship with Donna Rice, even though it is far from customary for 50-year-old men to spend weekends away from their wives hanging out with comely actresses who have appeared on *Miami Vice*. Hart jeopardized his reputation for veracity by angrily denying the persistent rumors about his womanizing. On the eve of the cruise to Bimini, Hart even told a New York Times reporter, "If anyone wants to put a tail on me, go ahead. They'd be very bored." The interview appeared on the day the *Herald* bannered the report from its Washington stakeout.

The seven dizzying days that began with Hart confronting the Miami reporters behind his town house and ended with his Friday surrender produced a torrent of titillating stories. Rice, who met with reporters in her lawyer's office in Miami, insisted that she and the former Senator were "just pals" and volunteered that she was "more attracted to younger men." Lee Hart, who played the role of long-suffering political wife with delicacy and dignity, tried to defuse the damage by saying about her husband's conduct: "If it doesn't bother me, I don't think it ought to bother anyone else."

When Hart tried to confront the escalating crisis at a Wednesday press conference in New Hampshire, he winced visibly as reporters asked blunt questions about whether he had ever committed adultery. At one point Hart responded, "I don't have to answer that." Afterward, in the car heading toward a political dinner, Hart mused that maybe he should have said, "Adultery is not a crime. It's a sin. And that is between me and Lee, and me and God." Lee Hart added supportively, "That's exactly what I would have said."

The eagerness with which the nation embraced the scandal is simultaneously understandable and troubling. The quest for keyhole glimpses of presidential candidates can be seen as merely the final step in a celebrity process that reduces political discourse to the level of *Entertainment Tonight*. As the line between movie stars and political figures has become blurred, Americans now demand the same intimate knowledge about their leaders that once was reserved for the romantic entanglements of Clark Gable or Elizabeth Taylor. Rather than wrestling with the complexities of arms control and a troubled economy, the public tends to look for personalities they can trust.

The end in Denver: "Hell no!" brought cries of "He's running!"—but he certainly was not

ERIC WATSON



Nation

whose judgment and integrity make them feel comfortable.

Increasingly, the press has come to take on the role of moral custodian of the political process. "Candidates used to be picked in smoke-filled rooms by their peers, who knew everything about their character," explains Stephen Hess of the Brookings Institution. But this trial by cigar smoke died with the reforms of the 1960s, which exalted presidential primaries at the expense of party leaders. In this void, political reporters, with some justice, may come to see themselves as the voters' last line of defense between canned television images and the White House.

In his powerful and emotional valedictory, Hart charged that the press has taken this warts-and-all mandate too far. "We're all going to have to seriously question the system for selecting our national leaders," he said, reading from notes he had scribbled in the predawn hours. It "reduces the press of this nation to hunters and presidential candidates to being hunted, that has reporters in bushes, false and inaccurate stories printed, photogra-



phers peeking in our windows, swarms of helicopters hovering over our roof, and my very strong wife close to tears because she can't even get in her own house at night without being harassed. And then after all that, ponderous pundits wonder in mock seriousness why some of the best people in this country choose not to run for high office."

Hart's bitter indictment was a mélange of truths (the press stakeout of the family's Colorado home was indeed intrusive), distortions (the Miami *Herald* insists none of its reporters in Washington hid in bushes) and self-serving justifications (at least seven Democrats—including three Senators, a sitting Governor, a former Governor and a respected Congressman—have not been dissuaded from seeking the presidency). But what Hart failed to address was the degree to which his own conduct and statements undermined public confidence in his truthfulness. A TIME poll conduct-

ed the night before Hart's withdrawal found that only 34% of those surveyed tended to believe the former Senator's story, and 47% thought he was "probably lying." By a ratio of roughly 10 to 1, those polled said they would be more troubled by Hart's not telling the truth than by any extramarital sexual relations.

The dramatic skein of events that dethroned the front runner did provide insights into Hart's often elusive character. That intense scrutiny is an ingredient of presidential politics that has often made Hart profoundly uncomfortable. As he conceded ruefully in his statement of withdrawal, "I guess I've become some kind of rare bird, some extraordinary creature that has to be dissected by those who analyze politics to find out what makes him tick." But delving into the character of potential Presidents is not a deviant form of bird watching. The next occupant of the Oval Office could be

campaign manager. Hart has displayed a fateful fascination with the glitz and glitter of show business. Some of the early rumors about Hart's extramarital conduct stem from his longtime friendship with Warren Beatty, an actor with no pretense to celibacy. A close friend of Hart's said, long before last week's scandal, "Gary had times when he sort of thought he wanted to be Warren Beatty."

If any friend could be blamed for luring Hart into political trouble, it was Lawyer-Lobbyist William Broadhurst. A close associate of Louisiana's flamboyant *bon temps* Governor Edwin Edwards, Broadhurst chartered the yacht for the controversial trip to Bimini. He also claims to be responsible for Rice's coming to Washington. Broadhurst says he invited her friend Lynn Armand (who also sailed to Bimini) to come for an interview for the job of majordomo of his sprawling Capitol Hill town house, and Rice accompanied

her. Broadhurst had developed a fun-guy reputation around Capitol Hill for entertaining lavishly. Daryl Owen, a former administrative assistant to Louisiana



Senator J. Bennett Johnston, recalls that the town house was a "place where parties were given almost every day or night."

Hart's fast-blooming friendship with Broadhurst was the stuff that every Washington power broker dreams of: a close association with the man who could be the next President. Although Broadhurst had limited political contacts outside Louisiana, he often traveled with Hart on forays through the South. On a Friday night in early March, Hart and Broadhurst were relaxing on a yacht in Miami harbor after a fund-raising dinner. As Rice tells it, she wandered aboard by chance and encountered Hart. She told the former Senator, "You probably don't remember, but I met you at Aspen." Hart admits he asked for Rice's phone number, and the next day, she says, he called to invite her to accompany him and Broadhurst on a daylong boat trip.

Hart's original account of the boat

Rice pitching for lingerie and swimsuits, and in a formal portrait

called upon to make decisions of war or peace, and how anyone might respond to such pressures cannot be divined from TV commercials or position papers.

Gary and Lee Hart first met Donna Rice at a New Year's Day dinner party this year at the Aspen, Colo., vacation home of Don Henley, formerly a lead singer of the Eagles. Rice, who had dated Henley several times, was no stranger to the pampered and permissive world of rock stars and multimillionaires. She once dated Prince Albert of Monaco, and was reportedly a guest of Adnan Khashoggi's daughter on his yacht. Hart's presence at the party was equally in character: since his days as George McGovern's 1972

trip was troublesomely vague. In response to questions, Hart claimed that Broadhurst had invited "two or three friends" to join them. Their destination was Bimini, 50 miles from Miami, where Broadhurst's own boat had undergone repairs. Both Hart and Rice insisted the only reason the party stayed overnight in Bimini was that the customs office was closed. But the Miami Herald reported that *Monkey Business* cleared Bahamian customs on arriving, shortly before dusk. And according to Bahamian authorities, American pleasure boats are not required to clear customs upon departure. The sleeping arrangements on Bimini prompted more questions than a TV quiz show. Both Rice and Hart maintained that they slept on separate boats, and that the two men spent the night on Broadhurst's.

The trip was only mentioned in passing in the initial Miami Herald story. But the image of two married men on an overnight boat trip to Bimini with two attractive young women did as much to damage Hart's credibility as the Herald's original charges. In the weeks after Bimini, both Hart and Rice acknowledge, they talked six or seven times by phone. Hart at first characterized the conversations as "casual, political" and later claimed they were primarily to discuss the bit-part actress's fund-raising efforts in the entertainment industry. The schedule for the Washington weekend was ostensibly for Hart, Broadhurst and the two women to have dinner together on Friday and Saturday nights. Even though Lee Hart was home in Colorado, the exhausted candidate had flown from Iowa to Washington for the weekend. But in making his social plans, Hart never figured on a stakeout by the Miami Herald.

Even now, after the collapse of the Hart campaign, there is still no coherent account of that Washington weekend that is not subject to bitter contradiction. Judging from the stories of Hart, Broadhurst and Rice, there were enough comings and goings from the candidate's Capitol Hill town house to satisfy a French farceur. But the Herald's initial story, rushed into print to make the late Sunday editions, contended that Hart and his date were spied entering the house alone late on Fri-



The town house the Miami Herald staked out

day night and were not seen again until they emerged through the rear door on Saturday evening. Not until a day later, after the story had roared through the political community, did the Herald reporters concede they had not kept consistent watch on the rear alleyway exit until almost dawn Saturday.

The Hart camp's occasionally inconsistent challenge of the Herald's story begins with the assertion that Rice returned to the candidate's town house for just 15 minutes late Friday night to retrieve an address book. In this version, Rice left through the alley exit to spend the night at Broadhurst's nearby home, where she shared a king-size bed with Armandt. Far more perplexing is Hart's unshakable insistence that the group entered and left through the front door of the town house on two separate occasions on Saturday afternoon. During that period the Herald had as many as four reporters and a photographer watching both exits. Hart and his friends contend that they spent much of Saturday afternoon driving around Alexandria, Va.

In hindsight it is hard to believe that a lustrous political career could hang on such prosaic details. Moreover, the Herald's stakeout would have been infinitely more difficult at a later stage in the campaign, when Hart would have warranted Secret Service protection. In short, for want of a lookout a presidential campaign was lost. It ultimately made little difference that Hart told Herald reporters Saturday night, "I have no personal relationship with the woman you are following."

Could Hart have survived the original story and the almost inevitable discovery of the details of the Bimini trip? Probably not. Hart's cool, cerebral style left him without the reservoir of intense supporters that has allowed other politicians to ride out more serious scandals. His towering strength in the polls was in part a reflection of his high name recognition and the weakness of his opposition. With no sizable assets of his own and still saddled with \$1.3 million in debts from his 1984 race, Hart found raising money to be a chore even at the best of times. Moreover, from the beginning, many party leaders were looking for an excuse to block his maverick candidacy. As a key state chairman said late last week, "Hart always struck me as a time bomb. The name change, the age, the stories of womanizing—who knows what might have been next? Thank God it came to a head now, instead of after he had the nomination."

But Hart had one asset that was never mobilized until it was too late: the spunky loyalty of his wife. Lee Hart was one of the first people the candidate phoned when he learned of the Herald story late Saturday night. Her friend Sally Henkel recalls that Lee's immediate reaction was "concern with the story and the journalistic ethics involved." According to another friend who was with her during the early days of the ordeal, she never expressed any anger or disappointment in her husband. Other visitors to the house on Troublesome Gulch Road expected her to behave like a woman scorned. But she never faltered in her insistence that she believed her husband "because he just can't lie."

The textbook on political-damage control requires the candidate's wife to fly immediately to comfort her beleaguered



The front runner aboard friend's yacht

Too late he mused that he should have said, "That is between me and Lee, and between me and God."



The *Monkey Business*, on which Hart, Rice and friends cruised to Bimini and back

husband. But for three long days Lee Hart remained silent in the house in Colorado, as campaign officials relayed word that she was suffering from a sinus infection. Political insiders regarded that story with the same skepticism that Kremlinologists apply to news that the Soviet leader has a cold. But in this case the illness was genuine. Not only was the candidate's wife unable to fly, but her left eye was badly swollen. The eye was so inflamed that at one point she joked that she dare not appear in public in support of her husband because "then they'll

say he was a wife beater as well."

When Lee Hart finally arrived in New Hampshire Wednesday afternoon, her husband took ten minutes off to go to her hotel room. His first words to her: "Hi, babe." At dinner that night, campaign officials discussed buying 30 minutes of TV time to get Hart's story across to the voters. But all such plans died with the news of the Washington *Post's* potential bombshell. Hart conceded the inevitable when he told Bill Shore early Thursday morning, "Let's go home." On the charter flight back to Denver, Hart sat

by himself and read the Tolstoy novel *Resurrection*. Perhaps the intense spiritual faith of Tolstoy's later years provided comfort. Perhaps Hart wanted to remind himself that he still had a life outside politics. But there would be no resurrections for Hart's political career, at least not in 1988. Hart was a candidate who dared to be different, who demanded that the political world accept him on his own terms or not at all. And in the end he found himself alone. —By Walter Shapiro. Reported by Robert Ajemian/Boston and Dan Goodgame and Alessandra Stanley/Denver, with other bureaus

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Upstairs at the White House

Sex—real or imagined—is far more hazardous to the political health of a presidential candidate than to a sitting President. The man in the White House has a meticulous security system that regulates comings and goings and the witnesses thereof. The lips of the securers are sealed until death. After that, of course, the President is always exposed in memoirs and diaries. But that just spices history.

Presidential aspirants are unprotected. And sometimes suspected. It is probably fair to say that John Kennedy's legendary White House athletics (including a rumored romp on the Lincoln bed with a National Security Council staffer) had a kind of wicked appeal, and a lot of young politicians took up his hairstyle, stage mannerisms, the projection of thinly veiled lust. And maybe more.

Kennedy has become the case study for sex in presidential politics, but, as so often happens in such emotional matters, the study is haphazard. There is every reason to believe that Kennedy's desire for women was as strong when he was Senator and candidate as it was when he was President. Yet there were no sightings of him arm in arm on a lonely night street, no public confessions by inamoratas, no telephone records or photos. The crowded turmoil of his campaign was his screen. Attractive women and men were almost always around, even in his bedrooms as he changed clothes, lounged, ate or napped. Gary Hart's very loneliness was his enemy.

Lyndon Johnson was also a focus of sexual stories during his pre-White House years when he was Senate majority leader. There were many glimpses of him motoring to the Georgetown home of an attractive young woman, of his wanderings through his Texas ranch house to the bedrooms of guests. But, as usual, there were no eyewitnesses in the bedrooms.

Johnson constantly bragged about his sexual appetite and apparatus, though he was such a storyteller that nobody was sure what to believe. The vision of that gargantuan figure rampaging through the sheets may have squelched more curiosity than it aroused. While President, Johnson was witnessed torturing an attractive blond journalist, at dinner on his ranch, into staying the night. His language, even in front of his family members, was full of double meaning. The blond fled.

The White House press corps's grand old man, U.P.I.'s late Merriman Smith, used to regale the young scribes with stories of his days on Franklin Roosevelt's train from Washington to Hyde Park, N.Y., how it would stop on a New Jer-

sey siding for a rendezvous with Lucy Mercer Rutherford. Smith never wrote the story, never had any final facts.

The circumstantial evidence of Kennedy's sexual adventures during his White House years was abundant, possibly innocent acts inflated by Kennedy's lurid reputation. On Inauguration night, just after Jackie had gone home alone (she was still recovering from the difficult birth of John Jr.), a reporter peered through the potted palms behind the stage and saw Actresses Kim Novak and Angie Dickinson joining the President's small coterie. At a Palm Beach, Fla., mansion following Kennedy's summit with Nikita Khrushchev in 1961, the President dined with an old school chum, an acquaintance and two attractive young ladies. The acquaintance left after dinner and the chum and the ladies pointedly stayed.

Two comely females on Kennedy's office staff, part of the traveling entourage also, were known to get calls at unusual hours to report to the President for work. Some of those requests included transcontinental flights on Air Force planes. Since the women did not have highly developed secretarial skills, imaginations were inflamed, particularly since one or the other often returned to her quarters physically spent.

Strange women were spotted being escorted upstairs in the White House in the summer, when J.F.K.'s family was on



J.F.K. in 1962: he had a kind of wicked appeal

Cape Cod. The President appeared unannounced at about 12:30 a.m. in a hotel near the White House, with Secret Service agents discreetly clearing his way. One insider claimed that Kennedy reinjured his weakened back during a bedroom tussle at a party in Bing Crosby's Palm Springs, Calif., house, which the President was using in September 1963, thus forcing him to return to a rigid back brace. That brace held him erect in his limousine two months later in Dallas after the first gunshot struck him. The second shot killed the still upright President.

It is reasonable to wonder, if Kennedy had lived and been re-elected, whether he would have got through a second term without a devastating scandal. Judith Exner was the moll of Mobsters John Roselli and Sam Giancana, and was introduced to Kennedy by Frank Sinatra. That's a deadly combination, even for those days. No President—or candidate—standing self-righteously on the great political trinity of wife, family and honor can expect to escape the judgment of the American voters on his sexual conduct. In the past, that judgment was often made posthumously. Now it happens much sooner.

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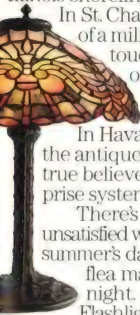
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At Play in a World Without Hart

It's a new race for the "Seven Dwarfs"—and maybe a few more characters



The disintegration of Gary Hart's candidacy left a void where the structure of the nomination contest should be. Though Hart had been a weak leader of the pack—short of deeply committed supporters and ready campaign cash—his place at the top dictated the shape of the race. Each of the seven other Democrats had to strive to become Hart's chief rival in the winter carnival of early caucuses and primaries.

Now the battlefield will be a mass of political Silly Putty. Of the seven, only Jesse Jackson has an established national reputation—yet he has virtually no chance of winning. Current party practice bars informal tests of strength. "There is no mountain to climb, no way for one of them to show off," says Bob Strauss, the former Democratic chairman who reigns as party sage. Says John White, another chairman emeritus: "The campaign goes back to ground zero." Polls taken last week, just after Hart's final agony became public, demonstrated why some skeptics call the active contenders the Seven Dwarfs. In Iowa the Des Moines Register survey of Democrats showed that the only real beneficiary was "undecided," which went up twelve points while Hart lost nine. The other seven who have been campaigning there—Jackson, Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis, Missouri Congressman Richard Gephardt, Illinois Senator Paul Simon, former Arizona Governor Bruce Babbitt, Delaware Senator Joseph Biden and Tennessee Senator Albert Gore—made negligible gains or none at all. Among Democrats and independents questioned in a national TIME survey, New York Governor Mario Cuomo, a non-candidate, ran second to Hart and well ahead of anyone else. When Hart supporters were asked whom they would favor for a second choice, 54% expressed uncertainty.

The situation cries out for at least one of the party's heavyweights to join the festivities. "That's the most likely next big event," says Pollster Stanley Greenberg. "An established national figure who comes in reluctantly, someone who stands apart from the rush of present candidates, would change the game." Cuomo or New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley would attract instant attention, as would Georgia Senator Sam Nunn.

Bradley combines star quality from his basketball career with a reputation as a sober policy maven able to score points on complex issues like tax reform and international debt. Like Hart, he could occupy the "big think" niche while appealing to baby boomers. Cuomo, the old baseball player, his oratorical home runs as he

mixes traditional Democratic themes with odes to pragmatic governance. He has a following among Democratic ethnics in the North. Nunn, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, is an acknowledged master of national security policy. His conservatism could win him bales of white votes in the Southern contests now packed into Mega Tuesday, March 8. Among liberals, however, Nunn could meet resistance.

All three sideliners have made an art form of reluctance. Bradley allowed that a few supporters again nagged him last week about 1988. "I'm not running," he said. "I

that his door is very much ajar." "No doubt a lot of people in Congress and around the country are looking for a candidate. I've been getting a lot of calls." In July, he said, he will begin to reconsider. "The question will be," Nunn said in his best owlish manner, "whether we will have a chance to get the nomination with a general set of principles that will allow us to be successful in November." Translation: he will run if none of the other Democrats plants both feet in the center of the ideological spectrum.

Nunn's advisers all along have mused about the feasibility of having him avoid



Then there were seven: Gephardt, Dukakis, Jackson, Biden, top row; Babbitt, Gore and Simon. The eighth: the erstwhile front runner at a bannered fund raiser early last week

like what I'm doing in the Senate." Cuomo, whose withdrawal in February left Hart alone in the lead, appeared to be enjoying the fresh speculation about his plans. At a New York dinner where he was introduced as a "future President," he quoted his mother as phoning to ask, "If there's nobody left, why don't you run?" I said, "Ma, I've told the people I will be Governor, not President." And she said, "What's the difference? They won't believe you anyway." Cuomo concluded, "When I say something, I mean it. I said I'm going to stay Governor, and that's the way it is." At a meeting of editorial cartoonists in Washington the next day, Cuomo was asked what he would do if there were a genuine draft. He smiled ambiguously and said, "I would do the right thing."

Nunn has been having it both ways since saying in February the Iran-contra investigation and arms-control issues would occupy him for months but not necessarily always. On Friday he emphasized

the inhospitable terrain of Iowa and New Hampshire. Before Donna Rice got her 15 minutes of fame, that risky strategy could have worked only under a special set of conditions: Hart coming out of those initial contests with no strong challenger, white Southerners gaggling at the choice of Hart vs. Jackson, Nunn knocking Hart out in the South. The new Nunn scenario rests on no other Democrat growing very tall in the next few months. The active contenders will be searching for growth hormones so as to scare off any latecomer. A few of Hart's moneymen were receiving genteel feelers late Thursday. "They won't go as a group," predicted a rival's finance chairman. "They'll scatter to three or four candidates at least."

This competition will be part of what might be called the "underground primary," an obscure combat waged when no nationally known contenders dominate public attention. While the candidates will continue to campaign vigorously in

Nation

Iowa and New Hampshire, each camp will also be vying for the support of insiders and for favorable coverage. The interim prize: anointment by the national press as one of the three or four "top tier" candidates. This, along with favorable poll ratings, is critical in developing the kind of perceived momentum that attracts dollars and volunteers.

Through this amorphous process, tentative tiers are likely to be established well before Labor Day. Jackson, by virtue of his name recognition and core support among blacks, will do well temporarily in the polls. But he will continue to be handicapped by strongly negative reactions in surveys, a weak organization and considerable vulnerabilities in the "character" department. For the next election at least, the top tier in the Democratic Party will be all white as well as all male.

When the next round of underground primary ratings emerges through rough consensus, three of the competitors will probably do well for different reasons. Gephardt has plowed Iowa more vigorously than a platoon of farmers and managed to identify himself with an issue—protectionist measures to cut the trade deficit—that appeals to labor activists. Even those who disagree with Gephardt's approach concede that he has exploited it shrewdly. Given the fractured nature of the Hart-less field, the support of labor could boost Gephardt to top-tier status, though it

may hamper the recent headway he has been making in the South.

Biden, though slow to rev his engines, rivals Hart in playing generational politics among baby boomers. He competes with Cuomo in the passionate-oratory department. Biden's field organization is still fledgling, but his ability to raise funds awes the competition. Dukakis, with his reputation as a successful Governor and his popularity in New Hampshire, comes across as a take-charge sort with poten-

puts "front runner" before my name."

One who is ready, at least in terms of well-honed views and organization, is Babbitt. Like Hart, Babbitt has a position—and a policy paper to prove it—on everything. Desperate to score in Iowa, Babbitt in late April became the first to run television ads there. Because he is still a stranger in Washington, Babbitt has fared poorly in the underground primary.

Babbitt's status as an obscure ex-Governor and outsider reminds the galleries of Jimmy Carter's standing in the spring of 1975. Carter—like Babbitt, Gephardt and most of the others to today—bet everything on Iowa and rode that success through New Hampshire. The 1988 race resembles the one in 1976 in a number of ways. But this time the field is so splintered that Iowa and New Hampshire may produce a clutch of losers without a clear pair of one-two winners.

Since the 1950s political junkies, like old horse soldiers reminiscing about Indian wars, have talked sentimentally of a convention that nominates instead of ratifying a decision made in the primaries. Says Political Consultant David Garth: "We might go to the convention without a known outcome for the first time in many years." For all the Democrats, that is only one of the tantalizing uncertainties to mull over as the campaign starts anew. —By Laurence L. Barrett/Washington



The three sideliners: Governor Cuomo and Senators Bradley and Nunn

Even at ground zero, they turn reluctance into an art form.

tial. One Hart strategist argues that Dukakis, once he is better known, will attract many of Hart's former supporters.

If Biden, Gephardt and Dukakis do emerge as the summer favorites, the honor may be risky. "The lights go up a little earlier on all these guys," warns a Biden adviser. "Some might not be ready for the scrutiny." Joseph Grandmaison, Democratic chairman in New Hampshire, quips, "If I were a candidate, you'd find me lighting a candle in the local church, praying that no one

After the Fall

In a poll taken for TIME Thursday evening, just after he suspended campaigning, Gary Hart still dominated the competition, but his popularity had already slipped badly. When respondents were asked whom they would favor with Hart out of the race, New York Governor Mario Cuomo inherited the front-runner position, despite his repeated insistence that he is not a candidate.

If you had to choose right now, which of these candidates would be your first choice as Democratic candidate for President?

	Last January	Last Thursday	Without Hart
Gary Hart	37%	26%	—
Mario Cuomo	14%	18%	20%
Jesse Jackson	13%	10%	11%
Bill Bradley	8%	7%	10%
Richard Gephardt	2%	4%	6%
Joseph Biden	1%	2%	2%
Bruce Babbitt	1%	2%	2%
Michael Dukakis	NA	7%	8%
Paul Simon	NA	4%	5%

George Bush's lead among Republicans and independents dropped from 40% in January to 30%. Next came Robert Dole, up 3 points to 23%, far ahead of Jack Kemp at 7%, Alexander Haig at 6% and Pat Robertson at 5%.

Nearly 50% thought Hart was probably lying when he denied having an affair with Donna Rice, but they did not mind Hart's possible strays as much as the idea that he was not being honest. Some 37% believed the incident brought his qualifications into question, but 67% believed the press had no business exposing the bedroom life of a White House aspirant.

Which would bother you more—that Gary Hart had sex with this woman or that he is not telling the American people the truth about it?

That he had sex with her	7%
Not telling the truth	69%

In your view, does this incident bring into question Hart's qualifications to be President, or do you believe it has no bearing on his qualifications?

Brings into question	37%
Has no bearing	60%

Do you think it is right or wrong for the press to write stories about the sex life of presidential candidates?

Right	27%
Wrong	67%

Conducted by telephone among 750 adult Americans by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman. The sampling error is plus or minus 4% for the full sample, 4.5% for Democrats and independents, and 5% for Republicans and independents. The name of Albert Gore was inadvertently omitted from the presidential survey.

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Stakeouts and Shouted Questions

Why political journalism may never be the same



"Listen to who's talking. Journalists! Peeking through keyholes!"
—Hildy Johnson in *The Front Page*

In the most famous play ever written about newspapermen, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur painted a sardonic portrait of hard-boiled, hardhearted journalists, but it was a picture tinged with affection for the profession's raffish charm. Last week, however, many people found nothing charming about the press's role in the collapse of Gary Hart's presidential candidacy. If no one actually peeped through keyholes, reporters were doing things that couldn't help looking a bit tawdry. A team of journalists staked out a man's home to discover who was spending the night there. A presidential candidate was asked, at point-blank range, whether he had ever committed adultery. TV newscasts and newspaper front pages were dominated for most of a week with talk of sexual dalliances, back doors and yachts to Bimini. Along with the questions that flew last week about *les liaisons dangereuses* of Gary Hart, a parallel debate was raging over whether the press had overstepped the bounds of propriety in trying to bring those indiscretions to light.

Most of the debate focused on the Miami *Herald*, which had set Hart's downfall in motion by conducting a 24-hour weekend stakeout of his Washington town house and finding him in the company of an attractive young woman. In his first public response to the *Herald's* charges—delivered, appropriately enough, before a convention of newspaper publishers meeting in New York City—Hart blasted the paper's surveillance and said it raised "searching questions" about journalistic responsibility. Much of the public seemed to agree. The Miami *Herald's* own opinion survey showed that 63% of its readers felt that press coverage of Hart's personal life had been excessive. Reporters looking for Hart's alleged paramour Donna Rice at her rented suburban Miami condominium early last week discovered instead a band of angry neighbors. "Oh, you press!" snapped one woman. "You're always getting into everybody's bed."

Journalists themselves were divided

over the *Herald's* decision to stake out Hart's home on an anonymous tip. "The notion was to put a citizen under surveillance," says Bill Kovach, editor of the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution*. "To me that is a technique for police, not journalists." A.M. Rosenthal, former executive editor of the *New York Times*, criticized the *Herald's* tactics in his op-ed column: "I would not have given such an assignment or allowed one to be made." Yet a

creation, is the only way you can learn whether Hart is telling the truth about himself."

For years there was a sort of gentleman's agreement among reporters who covered public figures that certain matters were off limits. A number of Presidents, from Warren Harding and Franklin D. Roosevelt through John F. Kennedy, were widely known to be conducting extramarital affairs, or suspected of it. Yet reporters for the most part avoided the subject in print. The belated disclosure of these affairs—especially the reports of Kennedy's many sexual flings, including one with a woman linked to Mafia figures—helped bring about the new climate. "The rules have certainly changed," says Washington *Post* Executive Editor Ben Bradlee, who covered Kennedy as a reporter and editor for

Newsweek and became a good friend. "You couldn't get away with that now."

Other changes have made journalists more willing to broach such previously unmentionable subjects. A succession of public scandals involving politicians in the '60s and '70s (including Senator Edward Kennedy's car accident at Chappaquiddick, which resulted in the death of a female companion, and Representative Wilbur Mills' drunken shenanigans at the Tidal Basin with a former stripper) brought the issue of womanizing to the forefront. With the breakdown of sexual taboos in the 1960s, public discussion of such topics became more acceptable. At the same time, with the changing status of women, society has grown less tolerant of the macho dalliances of married men.

As candidates depend increasingly on slick media advisers and "image campaigns," the press takes on a greater role in trying to illuminate the person behind the façade. What's more, the pervasiveness of the electronic media has conditioned Americans to expect a more complete picture of their political leaders. In the days before TV, a clear distinction could be maintained in the print press between politicians' "onstage" and "offstage" activities. Now, with cameras and microphones following them everywhere, that distinction has broken down. The White House tapes showed what President Nixon was "really" like: network crews pursue Presidents even on their vacations.

Even so, the *Herald's* decision to conduct a stakeout of Gary Hart's home marked something of a watershed for po-



Miami *Herald* Editor Heath Meriwether

Times editorial called the *Herald's* pursuit of the story "eminently justified," and many others agreed. "I would have done the same thing if I got the tip they did," says David Hall, editor of the *Denver Post*. "Watching the man's movements, which can be done legally and with dis-

litical journalism. The investigation began with two anonymous telephone calls to Political Editor Tom Fiedler from a woman who claimed that a friend of hers was having an affair with Hart. She cited several long-distance phone calls between Hart and the woman (whom she described but refused to identify), recounted a yacht trip they had taken together, and said the couple planned to rendezvous at Hart's Washington town house that Friday. Fiedler was skeptical. But when several details checked out (including, Fiedler discovered, a last-minute switch in Hart's weekend campaign itinerary from Louisville to Washington), the newspaper decided to follow up. Jim McGee, one of the paper's top investigative reporters, hopped a plane to Washington early Friday evening.

McGee took a cab to Hart's town house and stationed himself across the street. He saw Hart emerge from the front door at 9:30 p.m. with a blond woman whom he had noticed aboard the flight from Miami. His suspicions aroused, McGee kept watch and saw the pair return at 11:17. Three other *Herald* staffers (Fiedler, Investigative Editor James Savage and a photographer) joined the watch late Saturday morning. They did not see Hart and the woman emerge again until shortly after dark Saturday evening. At that point Hart apparently noticed the surveillance team, and he and his companion re-entered the town house. Thirty minutes later, according to the *Herald*, Hart came out alone, drove his car a short distance away, then "walked aimlessly up and down" a few blocks. Just outside his home, he agreed to an interview. Hart denied any impropriety but, the reporters said, acted nervous and evasive and refused to let them talk to the woman. After 20 minutes, Hart ended the interview, and the reporters went to a motel to write their story, which was rushed into a late edition of Sunday's paper.

The stakeout was not airtight; no one was on the scene between 3 a.m. and 5 a.m., and the town house back door was not watched between midnight and 5 a.m., leaving the possibility that someone could have left the house unnoticed. The newspaper's initial story on Sunday failed to mention these lapses, but they were laid out in full in a follow-up story Monday.

The paper printed the story with what some felt was undue haste. While writing the piece late Saturday night, the reporters got a call from Hart's friend William Broadhurst, who claimed that Hart's companion and her girlfriend were guests of his. Broadhurst promised the newsmen a lengthier interview and an opportunity to talk to the women if the reporters would delay their story. They refused, fearing that the extra time would give Hart camp a chance to construct a cover story and possibly hold a press conference to try to discredit the *Herald's* article in advance.

In his speech before the newspaper publishers, Hart charged that the *Herald* reporters had "refused to interview the

very people who could have given them the facts before filing their story." Executive Editor Heath Meriwether sharply disputed the charge, pointing out that the Sunday story contained responses from both Broadhurst and Hart. Says Savage: "If Hart had even hinted that he wanted to talk to us again later, we would have done that. But he never told us he would give us any further information."

Many journalists faulted the *Herald* for not being more cautious with such an explosive story. "They rushed the story into print," says George Cotliar, managing editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. "I think I would have waited for a day to see what Donna Rice had to say." The Sunday story, in fact, was printed before the *Herald* even learned Rice's name. But Howard Simons, former managing editor of the *Washington Post* and now head of the Nieman Foundation at Harvard University, defends the *Herald's* actions: "If

maturs, no negotiations," he said. "We simply asked to talk to Hart about the information we had gathered."

Whatever one thinks of the specific tactics of the *Herald* and the *Post*, it is clear that last week's events carried the press into new territory in its coverage of sex and politics. "What do the media do now about the other 14 people in the presidential race?" asks F. Richard Ciccone, managing editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. "Do we stake them out and make sure they are not conducting themselves in any way that we don't deem acceptable?"

The answer, of course, is no. Hart's case was unique: issues of character had dogged his campaign, and rumors of his sexual indiscretions had been raised and sharply denied. Hart had even invited the scrutiny by his challenge to the media in a *New York Times* Magazine story that same weekend to "put a tail on me." Indeed, the memory of Hart's painful ordeal



The New Hampshire press conference at which the Senator was asked about adultery

A taboo of sorts was broken when that question was shouted for all the world to hear

they'd waited a day, they wouldn't have known anything more, except for a polished version after the people had got their stories together."

A more circumspect approach to such delicate matters was exhibited later in the week by the *Post*, whose behavior was surely influenced by the controversy that engulfed the *Herald*. The paper's story about another Hart sexual liaison originated with a tip from a confidential source a few days after the *Herald* story broke, and the information, the *Post* said, was "effectively confirmed" by its own investigation. But before writing the story, a *Post* reporter informed members of the Hart staff of the evidence. A series of discussions between the Hart camp and *Post* editors ensued, and it was during this time that Hart made his decision to withdraw from the race. The paper, as a result, printed no details of the sexual affair, describing it only as a "relationship with a Washington woman." Executive Editor Bradlee denied in the *Post's* story that a deal had been struck. "There were no ulti-

may make journalists—at least the responsible ones—more cautious about stakeholders and pursuing anonymous tips in the immediate future. (Several news organizations, including *TIME*, received anonymous tips about other purported Hart affairs last week.)

What may have a more lasting impact is the extraordinary spectacle of Gary Hart being asked by *Washington Post* Reporter Paul Taylor in a frenzied New Hampshire press conference if he had ever committed adultery. There, on network TV, a taboo of sorts was broken, and the questioning of presidential candidates is likely to grow blunter and more personal. Gary Hart's life changed that Friday night when a band of Miami *Herald* reporters staked out his Capitol Hill town house. The already delicate relationship between the press and politicians changed profoundly, and probably for the worse, when that question was shouted for all the world to hear.

—By Richard Zoglin
Reported by Barrett Seaman/Washington and Don Winbush/Miami, with other bureaus



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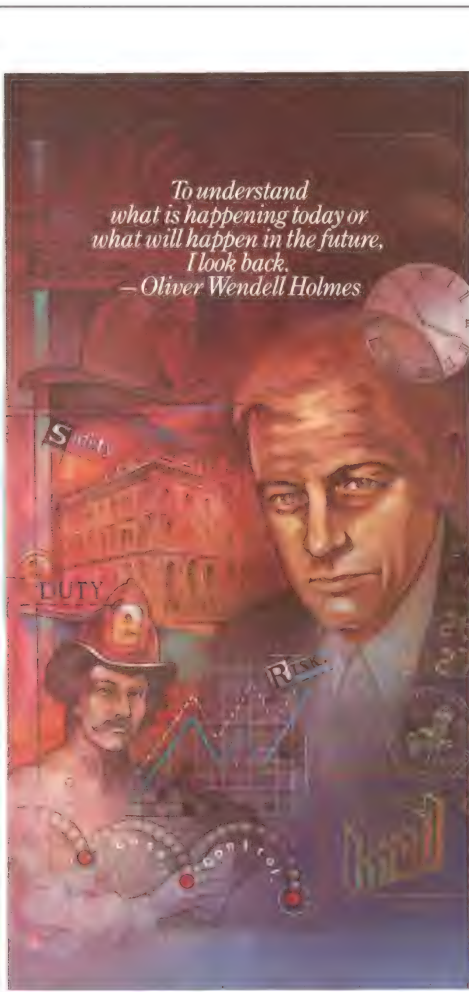
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— Oliver Wendell Holmes

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Abandoning his race for the White House, Gary Hart complained that he had in effect been put under a microscope and then dissected, like "some extraordinary creature." Just so. In selecting a President, voters must judge not only a man's résumé and policies but also his character. Yet what constitutes character? When is an inquiry into a politician's private behavior valid, and when is it an intrusion that says nothing about his abilities?

George Reedy, press secretary to President Lyndon Johnson

"What counts with a candidate for President is his character, and nothing shows it like his relationship with women. Here you have a man who is asking you to trust him with your bank account, your children, your life and your country for four years. If his own wife can't trust him, what does that say? The press doesn't invent stories about the sexual peccadilloes of candidates. Hart asked to be followed around because it was already an issue."

Betty Friedan, feminist and author of *The Feminine Mystique*

"Sexual behavior should be a private matter. But somehow flaunting it shows an arrogance toward women and all voters. There's a kind of implied denigration of women, a lack of respect of the values of women. It suggests an instability that I would not want in the President. This is the last time a candidate will be able to treat women as bimbos."

James David Barber, Duke University historian and author of *The Presidential Character*

"I don't think the issue with Hart is his mating habits. It's risk taking, it's throwing down the gauntlet to the press. There is a temptation on the part of the public to translate politics into morals. The public cannot handle intricate political issues. It can handle relatively clear questions: Is this guy honest? Is this guy moral?"

David Garrow, author of *Bearing the Cross*, the Pulitzer-prizewinning biography of Martin Luther King Jr.

"I don't think the question is monogamy or sex per se, but vulnerability. These things that are quasi-secret but known to some could make the man vulnerable in the exercise of power. It could give power and influence to those who know. King was aware that J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI were trying to record his affairs, but he was fundamentally defiant. He determined that he was not going to change his life. Hart's attitude is that same defiance. But Hart is being judged by standards that at least half our Presidents would fail. If this standard is going to be applied to Hart, do you apply it to everybody?"

Geraldine Ferraro, former New York Congresswoman and 1984 Democratic vice-presidential candidate

"The issue is not whether the press has the right to investigate. It's *what* they are investigating. The public is entitled to know if he is a person who has good judgment, the right to know if he is smart, the right to know if he understands what's go-



George Reedy



Geraldine Ferraro



Robert Caro



David Garrow

ing on. If the Miami *Herald* had reported that Gary Hart had invited to his house a *contra* leader, then I'd be very angry, because he has taken a strong stand against the *contras*. I don't find the Donna Rice story relevant to the campaign."

James MacGregor Burns, Williams College political scientist and biographer of Franklin Roosevelt

"This is a tragedy, a real loss for all of us, that a really impressive man has been brought down this way. The character of candidates and Presidents is crucial. But the media aren't able to deal adequately with real and total character: their judgments are based on such old-fashioned, puritanical pieces of evidence. The character question should deal with the totality of a

person. How does he treat people? Does he keep his word? Is he wise and fair? How does he handle subordinates? The real humanness of the man."

Sissela Bok, Brandeis University professor of philosophy and author of *Lying and other books on ethics*

"The most loving of fathers and husbands have failed at governing. By the standards of the ideal husband, men like Thomas Jefferson and Franklin Roosevelt might have been disqualified. What's really at issue with Hart? Not whether he's the perfect husband. It's whether or not the man is telling the truth. Voters need to be able to trust candidates and Presidents, not take comfort in their successful marriages. In the past, candidates didn't feel so obliged to drag wives and husbands and kids onto the platform. Now it's become obligatory. And sometimes it leads to great anguish."

Doris Kearns Goodwin, biographer of Lyndon Johnson and author of *The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys*

"In the past allegations of extramarital affairs had no impact on an Administration because the reporting didn't occur until the presidency was over. This may be the first time that this issue affects the course of the future. If the Hart episode reveals a sense of insulation, that he could take these kinds of risks and not worry about appearance, then that's worrisome. Because when Presidents get into the structure of the White House, they begin to feel above ordinary rules and believe they can take risks and not get caught."

"In some ways affairs show a human quality to these people. So I guess you have to ask yourself whether you'd prefer Franklin Roosevelt with Lucy Mercer and John Kennedy with his various women to Richard Nixon in his striped pajamas talking to Bebe Rebozo."

David Reisman, Harvard sociologist

"I'm against the cult of candor, of letting it all hang out. To moralize on this issue in the campaign without talking about truly important things like the arms race trivializes our society. No one can afford to be President who has no imagination, but I fear that is what we are beginning to get."

Robert Caro, biographer of Robert Moses and Lyndon Johnson

"It's legitimate to try to know all we can about a candidate. The moral and personal tone a President sets is as vital for the nation as his foreign policy. If we had known more about the character of some Presidents, we might not have elected them. Nonetheless, there is an element of prurience—and not just with the press. What's wrong is that we give the sexual revelations such disproportionate weight."



The Man Who Ran the Show

Secord describes how his private network subverted publicly stated policy



For months the story had been coming out in fragments, pieced together by investigators from closed-door testimony and messages; the public saw the major players only as disembodied words on paper. But last week the Iran-*contra* affair finally put on flesh and acquired a breathing presence. A stocky, round-faced figure appeared on the TV screen to state in effect: I was there, it really happened, and this is what I did.

That was perhaps the major impact of Richard Secord's testimony, which occupied the entire first week of public hearings by the joint congressional committee investigating the most explosive political

scandal in a decade. Testifying primarily in the unemotional tones of a math professor but occasionally displaying flashes of deadpan wit and, under cross-examination, an acerbic temper, the retired Air Force major general described for four days how he organized and ran a private network that at the Government's behest secretly supplied arms to the *contras* in Nicaragua and later to Iran. Much of the story had been told before, most notably in the scathing February report of the Tower commission. But for the first time, the public was hearing it as a consecutive narrative from the lips of a major player—a very self-confident participant who testified voluntarily, without immunity from prosecution, on the frequently stat-

ed conviction that he had done nothing wrong.

In detailing the elaborate private network that was set up by Oliver North to funnel arms to the *contras* and initiate the failed weapons-for-hostages deals with Iran, Secord painted a picture that was far more horrifying than he seemed to realize. It showed the scope of the Administration's deceit in circumventing the congressional ban on military aid to the *contras* and the depths of its hypocrisy in violating the Government's proclaimed policy against dealing with terrorists. Secord also showed, again with little awareness of its significance, how dangerous it can be when the Government seeks to avoid constitutional constraints by allow-



ing a group of freewheeling private operatives to conduct a secret foreign policy with American weapons and funds.

Among the most important of his revelations:

► Secord heard from North that Ronald Reagan knew about the diversion of profits from the Iranian arms sales to the *contras*. North told Secord that "in some conversations" he had mused to the President about the irony of having the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini unwittingly finance the Nicaraguan guerrillas. But given North's reputation for embellishing or even inventing conversations between the President and himself, should what he told Secord be believed? "I did not take it as a joke," said Secord. Nonetheless, he said he was "skeptical" about North's report of the conversations, because "it did not sound like the kind of conversation you would have in the office of the Commander in Chief." Reagan, questioned by reporters at a ceremony in the White House Rose Garden, growled, "I did not know about" the possibly illegal diversion.

► Secord described his *contra* supply operation to William Casey, then director of the CIA, at three meetings during the period when any Government assistance to the Nicaraguan rebels was forbidden by Congress. One of those meetings was held in the White House. Casey approved of the supposedly private arms operation. In an interview with *TIME* last December, which turned out to be his final public comment on the affair before he was hospitalized for a brain tumor, Casey insisted, "We were barred from being involved with the *contras*, and we kept away from that." Secord said he doubted Casey knew about the diversion of profits from Iranian arms sales to the

contras. But his testimony about his meetings with Casey and about the assistance that CIA operatives in Central America gave to the *contra* supply operation indicates that the agency, contrary to Casey's denials, was deeply involved in the illegal supply activities. Casey will never get the chance to clarify his role: he died last Wednesday, on the second day of Secord's testimony.

► Only about \$3.5 million of the \$30 million that Iran paid for U.S. weapons was spent to assist the *contras*. Another \$1 million was spent on other covert activities that Secord would not fully describe, and \$2 million is still unaccounted for. Nearly \$8 million is sitting in frozen Swiss bank accounts controlled by Secord's business partner, the Iranian-born Albert Hakim. What will eventually happen to this money is uncertain.

► When the story of the arms sales to Iran began breaking last November and Reagan had to say something publicly, Secord took it upon himself to draft a speech for the President, unapologetically laying out most of the facts about the supply of arms to both Iran and the *contras* (though not the money connection between the two). Secord sent the draft to North. But North told him someone in the White House—he did not say who—had rejected the draft as "too hard." Reagan's eventual speech, delivered last Nov. 13, was unconvincedly vague about the Iran deals and did not mention the *contras* at all.

► On Nov. 25, the day Attorney General Edwin Meese made public the Iran-*contra* connection and North was fired from the National Security Council staff, North and Secord met in a Virginia hotel room that Secord had rented to talk things over. North received two phone calls: the first from Vice President George

Bush, the second from the President who had just dismissed him. (North, a Marine lieutenant colonel, stood at attention to receive the call from Reagan.) So far as Secord could tell, both expressed regret and thanked North for his efforts.

These and other portions of Secord's tale remain to be confirmed, challenged or expanded by subsequent witnesses, prominently including former National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane, who will testify this week; Hakim, who has the most detailed records of the maze of Swiss bank accounts through which Iranian and *contra* arms money flowed; and eventually North. But only one or two of these witnesses will be in a position to give testimony as detailed and sweeping as Secord's.

The procedure followed by the House and Senate select committees, which are sitting as a joint body, resembled a good-cop-tough-cop routine. Secord was first questioned for two days by John Nields, counsel for the House panel, who for the most part tried simply to elicit the former general's basic story by posing questions of the please-describe-that-meeting variety. Secord related that North had asked him in the summer of 1985 to put together a private network to take over the delivery of arms to the *contras* after Congress had passed its ban. Just as he was getting his group of ex-military officers and CIA men together, Secord asserted, North called on him in November 1985 to rescue a shipment by Israel of U.S.-made arms to Iran that had run into snags in Portugal. That led to some quasi-diplomatic assignments, meeting with Iranian Middleman Manucher Ghorbanifar to hear his proposals for the exchange of U.S. weapons for American hostages (or "boxes," as Ghorbanifar termed them in a particularly repulsive code word) held in Lebanon.



Nation

In his matter-of-fact tones, Second added some intriguing touches of cloak-

After Nields' basic questioning, Senate Com-

Liman, and legislators who took over the questioning Thursday afternoon and Friday, pursued three main lines of inquiry:

Another bone of contention was the \$7.9 million paid by Iran for U.S. weapons and left in Swiss accounts. Legislators contended that it is Government property, since it derives from the sale of federal assets. Secord insisted that it properly be-

MONEY TRAILS

€30 million

\$12.3 million
To the U.S.
Treasury for arms

\$3 million
For the shipment
of arms and related
material from
the U.S. to Iran



40-4-7000



\$7.9 million
Still in Swiss accounts
controlled by or
held for Hakim

\$3.5 million
For contra supply operations, including fees to contra leaders, plus five aircraft and an airstrip

3) Legality aside, was it proper for the Government to pursue important foreign policy goals by enlisting private citizens who operated with no accountability to Congress or the public? This all-important question did not get the attention it deserved, but testimony did bring out that Secord operated what amounted to his own air force, with its own sources of funding and its own communications network, a set of encryption devices supplied by North. Democratic Senator David Boren of Oklahoma pressed Secord hard to admit he was in effect running his own foreign policy. Secord conceded that his role was "very strange" but insisted that he had operated with the full knowledge and approval of Government

As television theater, the first week of hearings was marred by endless haggling over the whereabouts of small sums of money, some inconclusive legal wrangling and some regrettable oratorical grandstanding by committee members. Nonetheless, the story is riveting: the conduct of the committee on the whole serious and dignified, and the essential subject one of the most vital imaginable: nothing less than the accountability of the Government to its citizens under its own laws. After months of rumor, surmise and agonized mystery, the nation is at last starting to hear the full Iran-*contra* story from the participants. As further witnesses testify about the remaining puzzles of the linked arms operations, the hearings should be an absorbing, occasionally dry and legalistic, but always vital show right through the summer.

—By George J. Church. Reported by Michael Duffy and Hays Gary/Washington

Death of an Expert Witness

William Joseph Casey: 1913-1987



As a pro in the business of espionage, William Casey operated in a world of manipulated fact and disinformation, a place where candor is rarely considered a virtue and anyone asking questions should be treated with suspicion. No, he insisted from the first, he knew nothing about money from Iranian arms sales being funneled to the *contras*. Even Richard Secord, who helped oversee the diversion of funds and testified on Capitol Hill last week about his meetings with Casey, could not say with certainty whether the CIA director knew.

Now, despite indications that other witnesses may tell the House-Senate Iran-*contra* hearings that Casey knew more, much more, than he admitted, a great deal is likely to remain forever uncertain. Said Republican Senator Patrick Leahy of Vermont after the CIA director died of pneumonia last week, following several months of illness: "There are some things about this scandal that he takes to the grave. Knowing Bill Casey, I think he'd prefer it that way."

His public manner, and sometimes his personal demeanor, seemed designed to keep secrets. He mumbled and seemed to bumble, and wherever he worked in his dozen years as a top federal official, his desk and even his clothes suggested a mindless disarray. When the Tower commission tried to find out why a memo Casey had written about the Iran-*contra* affair never reached the White House, his aide's explanation seemed almost plausible. Casey had put it in the wrong Out box.

Yet behind the befuddled pose lurked one of Washington's shrewdest and most agile minds—an avid reader with a remarkable memory. Casey's skills at deception, in fact, helped him launch his career with the secretive Office of Strategic Services in World War II (he planted spies in Nazi-occupied Europe) and finally brought him his last and highest post, as a CIA director who particularly favored covert operations.

Toward the end of his distinguished if always faintly controversial career, however, Casey's reputation for keen intellect seemed at odds with his testimony before members of Congress last Dec. 10. To pointed inquiries on Iransecam, he repeatedly answered, "I don't know." The Senate Intelligence Committee had planned to quiz him on Dec. 16, but he suffered a

seizure the day before and then underwent surgery for a cancerous tumor in his brain. He never recovered, and spent his last months in and out of hospitals.

Throughout his private and public career, Casey had been supremely self-confident and aggressive. Born in New York City, he was a postwar success as an attorney, a university lecturer on law and the author of humdrum books like *How Federal Tax Angles Multiply Real Estate Profits*. Not a humble man, he once boasted, "I was never in a law firm where



He leaves a powerful legacy and many unanswered questions
A lover of covert action and patriotic commitment.

I wasn't bringing in 75% of the business."

In his only try for elective office, Casey sought the Republican nomination for the House from New York's Third Congressional District in 1966 but failed to unseat a more conservative G.O.P. Congressman in the primary. He helped Richard Nixon win the presidency in 1968, then headed a committee that promoted Nixon's antiballistic-missile program. Casey came in for heavy criticism when he produced advertisements for the program that were signed by an embarrassingly large number of defense contractors. Offered membership on the Securities and Exchange Commission by Nixon in 1971, Casey took the job and a relatively insignificant \$40,000 salary after explaining earlier, "I've made all the

money in business that my family could ever spend . . . I want to do something more meaningful."

As chairman of the SEC, Casey was credited with tightening enforcement procedures. He came under fire in two major matters: he denied wrongdoing in both instances; he was accused of withholding documents from congressional investigators probing alleged payments from International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. to the G.O.P. to influence a Justice Department antitrust action, and of helping impede an SEC investigation of fugitive Financier Robert L. Vesco. Casey weathered such tempests to gain Senate confirmation as Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs in 1973 and president of the Export-Import Bank in 1974.

Reagan, who had not known Casey well, plucked him out of private law practice in 1980 to replace Campaign Director John Sears after a dismal performance in the Iowa primary. When other staffers seemed unsure about which of Reagan's cronies was really in charge of the campaign, Casey said bluntly, "I'm the boss." He helped Reagan gain the White House, and the two became good friends.

As head of the CIA from 1981 until his illness forced him to resign in January, Casey increased the agency's budget and manning levels and sharply improved its analytical capabilities. The Company's strengthened morale began to slip again, however, after 1984 disclosures that the agency had mined Nicaraguan harbors and authored a handbook for *contras* that encouraged assassination and kidnapping. Although there were suggestions that Casey's facile mind might have been hampered by his medical problems in the last months of his service, tests immediately after his surgery suggested that he had not been impaired before he was hospitalized.

In an interview with TIME in December, Casey ticked off a list of accurate crisis predictions in regions ranging from Central America to the Philippines and said, with a professional's pride, "The intelligence performance of this country has improved tremendously over the last six years." Hawaii Democrat Daniel Inouye, who co-chairs the Iran-*contra* panel, reminded his audience last week that no matter how many times Casey's name comes up during the hearings, "it should not obscure [his] distinguished record of commitment to this country." An expression of his commitment goes on. Instead of flowers, Casey's family asked that contributions in his name be given to the Nicaraguan *contras*.

—By Ed Magnusson

Reported by Bruce van Voorst/Washington

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Buckle up for safety

A Reply to Nixon and Kissinger

"We should collect our winnings" at a summit

by George P. Shultz

The arms-control deal that Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev are expected to sign at a summit later this year was sharply criticized by Richard Nixon in an interview two weeks ago in TIME and in a syndicated article he co-authored with Henry Kissinger. The Secretary of State offered this reply for TIME:

The U.S. and the Soviet Union appear to be nearing an agreement on intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF). Such an agreement is not assured—our negotiators still have important work before them—but if it is concluded, it would constitute the first time in 25 years of U.S.-Soviet arms-control talks that significant and verifiable reductions in any category of offensive nuclear weapons had taken place. Now some are questioning whether an agreement along the lines emerging would be in our interest. The Administration's judgment is that it would be decidedly so.

In the mid-1970s Moscow began to deploy the SS-20, a highly accurate missile with three nuclear warheads that could reach London in twelve minutes. The U.S. had withdrawn its last INF missile from Europe more than a decade earlier. In 1979 we and our NATO allies agreed that our objective in response to the SS-20s was to get the Soviets to pull them out. Failing that, we should counter these missiles with NATO deployments.

When, in 1981, President Reagan first proposed the zero option, a plan to eliminate longer-range INF (LRINF) missiles, we had not yet deployed a single weapon of this type. The Soviets were not willing to bargain. In 1983 we proposed an interim agreement: equal U.S. and Soviet levels worldwide below NATO's planned deployment of 572 LRINF warheads. The Soviets still said no. By last October a sizable number of the U.S. missiles was in place.

At his meeting with the President in Reykjavik, General Secretary Gorbachev said he was now prepared for an interim agreement—a limit of 100 LRINF missile warheads for each side, all deployed outside Europe. This was consistent with the U.S. interim proposal, although key issues remained. Thus NATO's resolve may have brought us to the point of success.

To reach the equal levels, the Soviet arsenal would be reduced by more than 1,300 LRINF missile warheads and ours by some 200. For the first time since the 1950s no Soviet LRINF missiles would be deployed in Europe. In Asia, Soviet LRINF warheads would be reduced by more than 80%.

Former President Nixon and former Secretary of State Kissinger are concerned that such an outcome would render our overall deterrent capabilities more vulnerable. Others have expressed concern that it would lead to the "denuclearization" of Europe or the "decoupling" of the U.S. from its security commitments to the Continent. These are avowedly the objectives of Soviet policy. We are not going to accede to them. But it is not necessary to abandon the quest for nuclear arms cuts to defeat these Soviet aims.

For two decades NATO's strategy of flexible response has depended on three elements: strong conventional forces in place in Europe, balanced nuclear forces deployed in support

of allied forces on the Continent, and U.S. strategic systems as the ultimate deterrent force. Today this doctrine is firmly established among Western allies, and we are determined to sustain it.

Even after an INF agreement, NATO would retain a robust deterrent. More than 4,000 U.S. nuclear weapons would still be in Europe, on aircraft that could retaliate deep into the Soviet Union and on remaining missiles and nuclear artillery. NATO is planning or undertaking modernization of several of these systems. Also, several hundred submarine-launched ballistic-missile warheads would remain available to the Supreme NATO Commander. Thus, even after eliminating LRINF missiles, we could continue to discourage a Soviet attack without relying exclusively on strategic systems. Perhaps even more significant are our 40 years of shared political and defense goals, integrated command structure, technological know-how and military preparedness. These factors, together with the continued deployment in Europe of more than 300,000 U.S. troops, inexorably link the U.S. to Europe in a way that will continue to deter Soviet adventurism on the Continent.

We and our allies are working to meet the threat posed by the long-standing imbalance in conventional forces in Europe,

both by strengthening our defenses and by discussing with the Soviets new conventional arms-control talks that would cover the whole of Europe. But linking an INF agreement to conventional force reductions would distort the reason for the decision to deploy U.S. LRINF missiles in the first place. The intent was to offset the SS-20s or, preferably, to secure their removal, not to provide NATO's sole means of compensating for the conventional imbalance. This linkage would also mock our negotiators' persistent efforts to break the Soviet linkage between INF and SSIJ as well

as other issues, a tactic that stalled progress in Geneva and Reykjavik. To add a new demand now that an INF agreement be linked to conventional reductions, which will undoubtedly take many more years to negotiate, would be tantamount to introducing a "killer amendment."

One must ask whether we wish to deny ourselves the success we have achieved in the negotiations and leave Europe in the shadow of the Soviet SS-20s, with far more of them facing our Asian friends and allies as well.

Working with our allies, we have been careful to ensure that an INF agreement would be beneficial in its own right. We have insisted that it result in an equal outcome for the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., that it be global in scope and not simply shift the threat of missile deployments from Europe to Asia, and that it be verifiable. If the Soviets meet our terms, we should not forgo the benefits of such an agreement, even as we seek the stabilizing reductions in strategic offensive arms that are our highest priority and as we work to redress the conventional imbalance.

We are on the right course toward the goal set by NATO. We should stick with it, collect our winnings, take pride in the success that NATO's steadiness has produced, and move on to further building of alliance strength and cohesion.



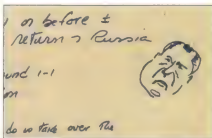
American Notes



A fire, then a fire storm: rebuilt row houses in Philly



Meese with haul of Pisces cocaine



Nixon by Ehrlichman, a newly unearthed doodle

ARCHIVES

A Blast from Probes Past

Dirty tricks. Pungent character assessments. Expletives undeleted. Not far from the Iran-contra hearings, another portentous probe into White House misdoings came briefly back to life last week. Reason: the National Archives made public more than 250,000 pages of sensitive documents accumulated during the 1974 Watergate investigation of Richard Nixon. The papers come from the files of such top Nixon aides as John Dean, John Ehrlichman and Egil Krogh Jr. Among the newly unearthed gems:

► A 1971 Nixon directive to tar John F. Kennedy with the assassination of former Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem.

► A 1969 Nixon memo to White House Counselor Ehrlichman suggesting legislation that would require financial disclosure by judges as "a subtle and effective way to get at some of the real crooks on the highest court."

► A 1971 quip by New York's then Governor, Nelson Rockefeller, to the effect that the Democratic presidential slate ought to pair Ted Kennedy with Thomas Eagleton, one implicated in the Chappaquiddick drowning and the other known to have undergone electroshock therapy. Rockefeller dubbed the duo "waterproof and shockproof."

The documents represent only a fraction of the 1.5 million-page trove sequestered by Congress during the Watergate probe. Further releases are expected, but Nixon and his former associates are still challenging disclosure of some of the remaining material.

DRUGS

Hooking Some Big Fish

The scheme was known as Operation Pisces, and Attorney General Edwin Meese last week hailed it as "remarkable." So it was: the largest and most successful undercover play in federal drug law enforcement history. Acting simultaneously in Los Angeles, Miami and New York City, U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration officials reeled in some 80 smugglers, dealers and middlemen, and issued arrest warrants for about 35 more. An additional 351 people had already been nabbed on the basis of tips from the three-year operation. About \$49 million in cash and property, along with 19,000 lbs. of cocaine with a street value of \$270 million or so, was also seized.

Pisces started small, when DEA agents posing as money launderers infiltrated the U.S. branch of the Colombian drug-smuggling cartel. Over time, the undercover cops won the confidence of higher-ups

through efficient, discreet service. And they obtained unprecedented cooperation from authorities in Panama, where many of the drug Mafia's ill-gotten gains were traced. Besides netting hordes of drug traffickers, the coolly efficient agents showed a profit. Operation Pisces made \$4.3 million in money-laundering commissions before the DEA wrapped up the operation.

CONGRESS

Next: More Taxes on Sin?

When the U.S. Senate gave initial approval last week to a \$1 trillion budget that includes an \$18.3 billion tax increase, it did not specify precisely how those new levies might be raised. One play Congress is almost certain to consider, though, is a steeper "sin tax" on such items as alcohol and tobacco. A congressional study has estimated that raising the federal excise tax on each bottle of wine and six-pack of beer by around 50¢ could swell coffers by more than \$4 billion, while a 16¢ increase on each pack of cigarettes could bring in \$2.9 billion.

Whether the legislators go after sin or something else, the proposed budget faces rough sailing at the White House. Says Administration Spokesman Marlin Fitzwater: "We do not agree that [new] taxes are necessary. Period."

PHILADELPHIA

Bad News for Mayor Goode

Two years have passed since a fiery confrontation with the radical black cult known as MOVE left eleven dead and climaxed with a police bomb's destroying 61 Philadelphia row houses. Almost all the 236 surviving residents have since moved back into rebuilt homes, but the action still haunts the administration of Democratic Mayor W. Wilson Goode. Last week a grand jury investigating cost overruns associated with the \$9 million home-reconstruction project recommended theft charges against two developers and blasted the mayor's office for what it termed a "morass of incompetence, ineptitude and mismanagement." The grand jury said it has discovered more than \$200,000 worth of illicit funneling of funds, salaries and equipment from the reconstruction project, along with \$150,000 in other questionable disbursements. Much of the blame for the fiasco, said the jury's report, "lies with the mayor and the key people on whom he relied." Replied Goode: "I wanted more than anything else in the world to get those families back in their homes, and therefore I took aggressive, unusual steps to achieve that." Philadelphians will make a further judgment in the Democratic mayoral primary next week.

World

SOUTH AFRICA

A Lurch to the Right

White voters frightened by violence turn their backs on reform

Nearly every aspect of life in South Africa is a stark study in black and white. That was clearer than ever last week after a strong swing to the right in a whites-only national election. A jubilant State President P.W. Botha, whose party increased its seats in Parliament, went on national television after declaring victory and said, "The outside world must accept that the white electorate is here to stay and has a special duty in South Africa." To Anglican Archbishop Desmond Tutu, one of the country's best-known blacks, the election carried a very different lesson. Said the 1984 Nobel Peace laureate: "We have entered the darkest age in the history of our country."

The ruling National Party, which has been in power since 1948, won 52% of the popular vote and 123 of the 166 elected seats in the all-white House of Assembly. But the surprise winner was the far-right Conservative Party, a group of former Nationalists who broke away from the party five years ago because they thought the government was making too many concessions to the country's 30 million nonwhites. It received 26% of the vote and increased its parliamentary strength from 17 to 22 seats.

While the right was getting stronger, parties advocating changes in apartheid, the country's system of racial separation, were the big losers. The Progressive Federal Party won just 14% of the vote, and its seats in Parliament dropped from 25 to 19. The P.F.P. was the official opposition party in the outgoing Parliament, but that role will now be assumed by the Conservatives. The New Republic Party, another liberal group, lost four of its five seats. Acknowledged Progressive Leader Colin Eglin: "I cannot deny that the results pose a major setback for the P.F.P. and the concept of a reform alliance developing into an alternative government. There is no doubt that the election in its totality represents a lurch to the right."

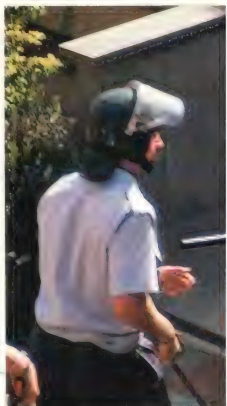
The three-month election campaign was marked by ferment and friction among the country's 5 million whites. Afrikaners, the descendants of the country's first European settlers, had previously been a largely cohesive group that generally opposed change. But in recent times a growing number of them have been discussing the need for fresh approaches to

racial policies. Leaders of the powerful Dutch Reformed Church and professors from several universities have called for new thinking about old problems.

White voters listened to the debate, but that did not stop them from casting their ballots in overwhelming numbers for parties advocating a continuation of apartheid. Several recent events apparently combined to bring about the swing to the right. The white electorate was still shocked and angry over the economic sanctions imposed last year by the U.S., Canada and most West European countries. Whites were also worried about the current period of internal unrest, the most prolonged in the country's history. And though many were troubled by the government's handling of the eleven-month-old state of emergency, under which 20,000 people have been detained without trial, they were even more concerned about the possibility of an escalating guerrilla war. Some whites might quarrel with the legality of an occasional South African raid on a neighboring country to strike at the black liberation movement, but the majority obviously approved of such actions. The last days of the campaign were marked by violence surrounding a strike by transport workers in the Johannesburg area and protests by black and white students at several universities. In such an atmosphere of unrest, white voters rushed to the parties that seemed to promise them security.

State President Botha appealed to white fears with a law-and-order campaign. He touched nationalist sentiment by frequently telling foreigners to butt out of South African affairs. Through a heavy newspaper advertising blitz, reinforced by intensive coverage on national television, the government charged that the P.F.P. was soft on terrorism and Communism and ready to sell out white South Africa to the country's blacks. The Afrikaans-language press harped on the same theme, making much of a photograph of P.F.P. stalwart Helen Suzman being embraced by Winnie Mandela, wife of the long-imprisoned black nationalist leader Nelson Mandela.

The winners: Conservative Treurnicht, above left, and Nationalist Botha. Two days before the election police broke up a banned meeting of Witwatersrand University students



Most surprised and elated of all by the election results were the leaders of the Conservative Party. The Johannesburg regional chairman, Clive Derby-Lewis, said the party would now demand that the government enforce racial segregation in housing and reinstate the pass laws that restricted the migration of blacks to cities. Those laws, which are deeply hated by South African blacks, were repealed a year ago. Conservative Party Leader Andries Treurnicht declared that the election results "put us in a strong position for challenging the government on reform." With the Conservatives making such demands in their new role as the main opposition

party, the primary debate in Parliament will now be between the government, whose devotion to reform is halfhearted at best, and those who oppose all reforms.

The liberal Progressives were stunned by the election and left puzzling over what had actually happened. They could be satisfied that Helen Suzman easily returned to Parliament for a ninth time, but little else. The party lost ground in Natal, where it has traditionally been strong, because it had supported a proposal for a multiracial, black-led provincial government in cooperation with KwaZulu Chief Minister Mangosuthu Buthelezi. Worried about the future, large numbers of Eng-

lish-speaking South Africans, who normally are more liberal on racial issues than the Afrikaners, jumped this time from the Progressives to the National Party. Concluded an editorial in the Johannesburg newspaper *Business Day*: "English voters, sacrificing at last the role of keepers of a liberal flame, chose to liquidate themselves as an identifiable political force."

The only bright spot for liberals in the election returns was the showing of three reform-minded independent candidates, Wynand Malan, who quit the National Party in January to protest the government's slow changes on racial issues, scored an easy victory in Johannesburg's Randburg district. Denis Worrall, South Africa's former Ambassador to Britain, came within just 39 votes of beating Minister of Constitutional Development Chris Heunis, the architect of Botha's reform program and his possible successor, in Heunis' once safe Helderberg district near Cape Town. In the Afrikaner university town of Stellenbosch, another Nationalist defector, Esther Lategan, was beaten by an incumbent M.P., though she managed to reduce her opponent's majority from 5,622 votes in 1981 to 1,781. Nonetheless, with the liberal parties in disarray and only one independent candidate actually making it into the new Parliament, the challenge to the government from the moderate left had been effectively removed.

The election results were sharply criticized by shocked nonwhite leaders inside and outside the country. In Cape Town, the Rev. Allan Boesak told a press conference, "White voters have made their position clear. They support the state of emergency. They support the detention of thousands of children without trial, and they support the actions of the security forces." All that was left for opponents of the government to do, he continued, was to resist "as strongly as we can." Almost as vehement in his criticism of the election results was Chief Minister Buthelezi of the KwaZulu homeland, who is often described as the country's leading black moderate. He declared, "I am totally appalled at what happened, and I see a long, hard, costly political grind ahead." Oliver Tambo, head of the African National Congress, from his headquarters in Zambia, called the election a "grand show of racism" and added, "There is no alternative to armed struggle."

The prospect is for more political and racial polarization in South Africa. Botha's Nationalists, fearful that their greatest threat is from voters who think their modest reforms are going too far, are less likely than ever to make any serious changes in the apartheid system. The country's black majority, on the other hand, now has little hope of achieving race reforms through the national government. The sad outcome for South Africa will be still more violence and still more repression. —By William E. Smith, Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Stellenbosch and Bruce W. Nolan/Johannesburg



World

BRITAIN

Aiming for Three Straight

Thatcher's Conservatives get ready for new elections in June

Raucous shouting rocked Parliament in spirited exchanges over good economic news and the likelihood of an impending general election. Party leaders and Cabinet ministers turned their thoughts to clearing their appointment calendars and hiring campaign planes, buses and walkie-talkies, while workers distributed campaign posters and thousands of beribboned lapel rosettes in Tory blue, Labor red and Alliance gold. Buckingham Palace was alerted that Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher might suddenly seek an audience with Queen Elizabeth II.

As the results of local elections poured

expected to lose hundreds of seats had actually gained 75. The Labor Party was the big loser, dropping 227 seats. The Alliance, the moderate coalition of David Steel's Liberals and David Owen's Social Democrats, gained a hefty 453 seats. The bottom line, according to British Broadcasting Corporation projections: in a general election the Tories would win 340 seats in the House of Commons, Labor 259 and the Alliance 31, with 21 scattered among other parties. "It was a good evening for the Tories," acknowledged Owen.

Conservative strategists spent the weekend analyzing thick printouts detail-

out for change." Unfortunately for both Labor and the Alliance, opinion polls do not substantiate the sentiment.

After trailing Labor in popularity for most of 1986, the Tories have roared back. Thatcher's triumphant Moscow trip, contrasted with Labor Leader Neil Kinnock's failed venture to Washington, gave the government a sharp boost in April. Labor's demand that Britain scrap its nuclear arsenal and ban American nuclear weapons and bases, a stance the U.S. claims would destroy NATO, continues to cut deeply into the party's support. So have fierce intraparty ideological rivalries between moderates and the militant left. The quarreling allowed the Conservatives to jump into a lead of between 10 and 15 points. A midweek poll gave the Tories 44% support, the Labor Party 30% and the Alliance 25%.

Good economic news also boosted Thatcher's fortunes. The unemployment rate, now 11.4%, dropped in April for the eighth straight month. The government expects the May jobless total to fall below 3 million for the first time in four years. British banks dropped interest rates from 9½% to 9%, the lowest in two years. The pound sterling, currently valued at \$1.68, is at its strongest since October 1982. And the Confederation of British Industry found business leaders in the "most optimistic mood in years."

Still, Labor and the Alliance are giving away nothing. Labor intends to attack the government's record on unemployment—which has doubled since Thatcher took office in 1979—and propose increased public spending. It also plans to portray the Tories as insensitive and uncaring in health, education and housing policies. The Alliance strategy is to present the centrist alternative: more liberal than the Tories on social issues but more conservative than Labor on foreign and defense policy. Recent by-election victories have shown increasing receptivity to the Alliance as an alternative to the two main parties. For their part, the Conservatives will run on their record, promoting privatization, austere public spending and a strong nuclear policy. "The issues," says a Thatcher aide, "will be whether the country wants a prudent or imprudent economy, to attack inflation or let it rip, to defend or ignore defending our shores."

Bookies are already listing the Tories as 2-to-13 favorites, with Labor at 4 to 1 and the Alliance a 25-to-1 long shot. Still, few expect the kind of electoral landslide that gave the Conservatives 397 seats in the House of Commons four years ago. Most analysts predict that the Thatcherites will be lucky to emerge with half the 144-seat majority they won then. Even so, Tebbit, the feisty party chairman, predicts the election will be a "walk" for the Tories. That may be overly optimistic, but try telling Thatcher. "I am still bursting with energy," says the Iron Lady, who is already talking about a fourth term.

—By Christopher Ogden/London



Poised to hit the campaign trail: a confident Prime Minister waves at passersby in London

in, election fever gripped Britons. Although the 61-year-old Prime Minister is not required to call a general election until her five-year term ends in June 1988, virtually everyone expected Thatcher to announce a bid this week to become the first British Prime Minister in this century to win three consecutive terms. Her governing Tories hurdled the final obstacle to an early poll last week with an unexpectedly strong showing in elections for local councils. Some 27% of Britain's registered voters, or about 12 million people, cast ballots to fill 12,280 seats throughout Britain—except in London, Scotland and Northern Ireland. Political pros called the bellwether vote the "world's biggest public opinion poll." The returns seemed to remove any doubt that Thatcher was poised to hit the hustings.

By week's end the Conservatives, who had worried about voter complacency and

ing the results from the 369 councils. Thatcher retired to Chequers, her official country residence, where she planned to meet with top political counselors, including Conservative Party Chairman Norman Tebbit, Deputy Prime Minister Viscount Whitelaw and Chief Whip John Wakeham. She reportedly intended to make a final decision early this week. If Thatcher's choice is for a snap election, she will inform her Cabinet, then ask Queen Elizabeth to dissolve Parliament. The favored election date is June 11.

British politicians have been gearing up for the campaign for weeks. Conservatives and Alliance leaders have put final touches on their national platforms. In the House of Commons, Speaker Bernard Weatherill wryly appealed for "less euphoria." Eager Labor officials, out of office for eight years, announced a new campaign slogan: "The country's crying

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War of a Thousand Skirmishes

Two TIME reporters look at both sides of the Afghan conflict

Since Soviet tanks rolled into Afghanistan in December 1979, an estimated 500,000 people have been killed in a war that has pitted Soviet and Afghan military units against anti-Communist mujahedin guerrillas. The Soviets say they want to get out, but five years of talks in Geneva have yielded no results. The bloody

conflict has largely taken place away from public attention, but two reporters succeeded in visiting the two sides of the conflict for TIME. Robert Schultheis spent two weeks in the field with the mujahedin, and Ken Olsen last week toured the battle zone with Afghan government troops. Their reports:

The Mujahedin Press Hard

The MiGs arrived over Spina Bora, some 20 miles from Jalalabad, Afghanistan's fifth largest city, just before 7 a.m. Half a dozen jets flew out of the northwest, dropped parachute flares to deflect heat-seeking missiles, and then began their bombing runs. Mujahedin 12.7-mm and 14.5-mm heavy machine guns opened fire from the surrounding mountains, shooting in wide arcs across the sky. At the guerrilla base, Commander Khan Emir and about 20 of his men stood defiantly on an open knoll, firing at the jets with AK-47 assault rifles and RPG-7 grenade launchers. Other nearby guerrilla bases have small numbers of American-made Stinger antiaircraft missiles, but the mujahedin at Spina Bora have not received any.



Heavily armed guerrillas engaged in a bitter struggle that has no rules or limits

Kabul's Forces Feel the Strain

Though the guerrilla war simmered beyond the city limits, Kabul was calm. Traffic filled the streets as Afghans commemorated the monthlong Muslim holiday of Ramadan. In the bazaars, everything from carpets to Coca-Cola was selling briskly. Even so, the mujahedin have forced the government of Communist Party Chief Najibullah to take precautions within the capital. There are insistent signs of anxiety. Sounds of distant artillery salvos punctuate Kabul evenings like erratic heartbeats. Searchlights rake the surrounding hills in search of rebel infiltrators. In the daytime, armored personnel carriers often clatter through city streets that are patrolled by soldiers armed with Kalashnikov assault rifles.

There may also be a threat from Najibullah's Communist rivals. In downtown Kabul, a series of small bombs exploded last week, damaging a shop and an apartment complex. Western diplomats speculate that the blasts were caused by followers of Najibullah's political opponent, former Party Chief Babrak Karmal, whom the Soviets purged last year. Karmal's fol-

lowers may have staged the attacks to protest the departure of their leader for the Soviet Union two weeks ago, ostensibly for medical treatment. They fear that Karmal has been forcibly detained.

Despite pronouncements that the war is going its way, Kabul is often forced to concede the effectiveness of the guerrillas. Acknowledging that government forces shot down an intruding Pakistani F-16 re-

cently, officials explained that the pilot had bailed out and was escorted back across the border by rebel forces—an indication that mujahedin move freely in the border area. The national reconciliation drive launched by Najibullah in January has not fared well either. It has drawn the support of only about 40,000 refugees, a tiny fraction of the estimated 4 million displaced Afghans in Pakistan



Signs of strife: devastated scene after mujahedin clash with government troops

A few weeks ago, 18 guerrillas died here in a MiG attack, but this time the napalm and high explosives fell wide of the mark, exploding to the north and south of the knoll. The MiGs then turned back toward Kabul, except for one jet that was trailing smoke. It headed toward the nearby airfield at Jalalabad.

The conflict in Afghanistan is a war of a thousand skirmishes. The *mujahedin* from Spina Bora and neighboring bases have in recent weeks been attacking Soviet and Afghan government defensive positions around Jalalabad. The air base there has been virtually shut down because of the threat of Stingers fired from the surrounding hills. During April, five MiGs and several Mi-24 helicopter gunships were shot down in the Jalalabad area by the potent shoulder-fired missiles. Now the Soviets are counterattacking, sending waves of MiGs from the Bagram air base, outside Kabul.

This is a bitter war, one without rules or limits. In early April, according to the *mujahedin*, the Soviets used poison gas in an attack on guerrilla antiaircraft positions. Hoja Inatullah, 19, says he nearly died of asphyxiation, surviving only by wetting his blanket and breathing through it. "For four or five hours afterward, I had trouble breathing," he says. "My friends carried me to the bomb shelter, and I lay there spitting up black fluid." In such a conflict, justice can be harsh for captured invaders. Said a young guerrilla named Ismail: "We won't shoot them. Bullets are too expensive. Maybe we will stone them to death, or cut

their throats, or throw them off a cliff."

Despite heavy Soviet pressure, the resistance fighters remain confident. "The *mujahedin* are better organized than before, better unified than before, with better morale than before," says Massoud Khalili, a guerrilla political officer. New weapons like surface-to-surface rockets, Oerlikon antiaircraft guns and the Stingers have helped immensely. The Stingers, for example, are potent weapons against the once omnipotent Mi-24 helicopter gunship. Battlefield communication and coordination among *mujahedin* groups have also improved with the introduction of field radios and walkie-talkies.

The guerrillas say they have even begun striking across the border into the Soviet Union in recent months. Says one commander, who claims to have participated in the cross-border raids: "Uzbek-speaking and Tadzhik-speaking Russians help us, giving us food, shelter and information. After our latest attacks inside Russia, the Soviets executed many Asian Russians for helping us." He claims that some Muslim Russians are now forming their own armed guerrilla groups. Says he: "We are making an increased effort to incite an uprising in Tadzhikistan and Uzbekistan."

Popular support for the guerrillas appears to be holding fast. "The Russians

have found that it is not just a bunch of *mujahedin* they are fighting, it is the nation as a whole," says Khalili. "They found that all Afghans are really *mujahedin*, whether it is a seven-year-old child who gives information about the enemy or an old man of 70 who gives us a piece of bread."

Evidence of this solidarity is everywhere. In a seemingly pacified valley in the shadow of a Soviet base, where the crops grow tall and farmers toil in unbombed fields, the walls of the local leahouses are plastered with guerrilla posters and photographs of *mujahedin* heroes. Bands of guerrillas move about openly by daylight, carrying AK-47s and RPG-7s, on their way to attack Communist positions. In almost every valley a guerrilla base camp is hidden away in some ravine.

The Soviets still have an overwhelming advantage in firepower. Their convoys of tanks and armored personnel carriers and their infantry-fighting vehicles patrol widely, and the guerrillas enjoy no secure area. On the other hand, Soviet ground forces cannot occupy and hold the countryside. The resistance fighters are too tenacious and constantly attack convoy supply lines. The Soviets are thus trapped in a war that they will never lose—but probably can never win. ■



Taking a break from the battle

and Iran who support and often fight in the *mujahedin*'s holy war against Kabul.

Even nonmilitary aircraft must take into careful account the presence of the guerrillas and their sophisticated weaponry. The 85 miles between Kabul and the frontier city of Khost, near the border with Pakistan, requires a zigzagging flight of nearly an hour and a half. Taking off from the capital, lumbering Soviet-made An-26 transports climb steadily in defensive spirals. From pods mounted on their fuselages, they trail bright orange flares to divert heat-seeking Stinger missiles that the *mujahedin* rebels might launch from hidden positions below.

The descent to Khost's dirt airstrip is gut wrenching, a series of dizzying circles, jigs and S-turns as once again the planes pop flares in rapid succession. Last week Soviet-built government transports delivered 60 journalists from India, the Soviet bloc and the West on a propaganda tour aimed at dispelling "rumors" of intense fighting in the area. Unfortunately, the tight security around the reporters only betrayed the government's fear of the guerrillas. Soviet-made Mi-24 helicopter gunships whirled protectively overhead, sweeping across the surrounding terrain. From a distance came the echoes of explosions. And a few miles away plumes of smoke snaked into an overcast sky.

Pausing at the wreckage of an An-26,

General Ghulam Farouq, Khost's Afghan military commander, pointed out that the "passenger plane" was downed three months ago by a U.S.-made Stinger ground-to-air missile. Though the twisted, charred remains retained a coat of green-gray camouflage paint and prominent military markings, the official line was that the craft was a civilian flight ferrying women and children to Kabul for medical treatment. In all, Afghan officials said, 36 civilians died in the attack. The rebels claim the flight carried military personnel and supplies.

Last week the government also showed off an undetonated U.S.-made Sidewinder air-to-air missile, embedded in the mud a stone's throw from the walls and huts of the Afghan hamlet of Seludinkala, ten miles

from Pakistan. Army officers claimed it was fired at an Afghan plane by a Pakistani F-16. Missing its target, it fell close to Seludinkala. The incident became the latest salvo in the stepped-up Soviet-Afghan propaganda war against Islamabad and Washington. An Afghan official warned of "grave consequences" if Pakistan continued its "repeated border insti-

gations and violations." For its part, Kabul denies ever purposely violating Pakistani airspace.

With much bravado, the Kabul government now contends that the seven-year-old *mujahedin* rebellion will fade away once its support from Pakistan and the U.S. ceases. Explained a Western diplomat in Kabul last week: "The Soviets are going to portray the Pakistanis as aggressive and to justify even more pressure on Islamabad." As part of its reconciliation drive, Kabul has downplayed the threat from the rebels and begun referring to them not as "counter-revolutionaries" but as "opposition forces."

Nonetheless, a war atmosphere suffuses the border regions despite Kabul's insistence that the area is under its control. Propaganda junkets were escorted by armored personnel carriers and half a dozen military jeeps. In Khost, a large wooded park has been discreetly converted into an army camp. "As you can see," General Farouq announced without irony, "people are leading their normal lives." If so, it is an extremely harried existence. ■



Soviet soldier patrols city street

Sad Return of the Prodigal Sons

The new immigration law means rough times ahead for many

Mexicans make up more than half the estimated 4 million indocumentados, or undocumented aliens, who will be affected by the U.S. Immigration Reform and Control Act that took effect last week. Not surprisingly, their countrymen bitterly criticize the new law, which will force many illegal workers to return home, as discriminatory. Even President Miguel de la Madrid has expressed disdain for the legislation. Said he: "Let's see what the United States has to say when it needs workers." Among the President's concerns: the flood of Mexican workers that could inundate Mexico as jobs become increasingly scarce in the U.S. The sudden tide of returnees is likely to have a serious effect on hundreds of towns and villages across the country. To assess the potential impact, **TIM** Correspondent John Moody traveled to the central Mexican town of Huandacareo (pop. 15,000). His report:

Each week the knot of men who spend the day hanging out in the central plaza grows. The older ones, their heads invariably protected against the searing spring sun by white straw hats, mutter occasionally to one another, then lose themselves in the local puper. The younger ones, several of them wearing BORN IN THE U.S.A. T-shirts, banter loudly and watch the girls go by. Their burgeoning numbers are the first sign that the flow of Mexicans seeking jobs and a better life in the U.S. is beginning to reverse itself. American cars with license



Returnee working in hat shop

plates from Illinois, California, Texas and Washington State are parked on nearly every street.

Those who have come back with cash are spending it freely. Gossipmongers say that the local bank has recently changed as much as \$40,000 to pesos in a single two-hour period. One beneficiary of the windfall is the telephone company. Residents boast that they make the highest per capita number of international phone calls in Mexico. Almost all are to the U.S. There has been a shift in culinary habits as well. Rafael Tema Chavez, who runs the Licha restaurant when he is not at his second job as principal of the town's grade school, has recently added ham and eggs to his menu in case any of the returnees develop a hankering for American-style food.

Huandacareo is bracing for an invasion against which there is no ready defense: thousands of its own citizens returning from north of the Rio Grande. The president of the municipal council, Enrique González Martínez, estimates that 25% of the town's inhabitants now work in the U.S., most of them illegally. By sending home some or all of their pay, they keep a steady stream of dollars flowing into the local economy. Their absence has taken pressure off employers, who, like many in economically straitened Mexico, have no jobs to offer. If González's worst fears prove true, some 3,000 people may arrive in the next eight months. Says he: "The future of our town depends upon the failure of your law."

The 300 or so early arrivals have already found that their prospects in Huandacareo are not bright. The few who accumulated small nest eggs in the U.S. are rapidly depleting them, to the delight of local merchants. Says Jorge Manriquez, the proprietor of a bicycle shop: "They come in and buy a bicycle, spare tires, everything. It's good for business now, but I wonder what it will be like in six months."

Most of the returnees, however, are as poor today as when they left. Quirino Lopez, 54, had been back home only a few weeks when he concluded he had no chance of getting work. He plans to sneak into Texas. Says he: "Better to be arrested there than to starve here." Mauricio Martínez, 18, and his best friend Juan Pablo Fulgencio, 20, each earned about \$7,000 during the 18 months they held minimum-wage jobs in a Chicago meat-packing plant. Whatever did not go toward rent and food was spent on the flashy clothes that seem sharply out of place in Huandacareo. No longer comfortable in his hometown, Fulgencio plans to go back to the U.S. Martínez is seeking a job in Mexico because, he says, "people in the U.S. don't want us there."

He may find himself the victim of a cruel paradox. Employers in the area have put out the word that those returning from the U.S. need not apply. Their attitude is summed up by Ignacio Manriquez, 26, Jorge's cousin, who employs about 80 people on six pig farms in and around Huandacareo. "They get used to the big money they make in the U.S.," he says. "They see they won't make in a day what they were getting in an hour up there. And the first time there's a problem, they say, 'You can take this job and shove it. I don't need that kind of worker.'" Says Javier Cansino García, secretary of the town council: "Some of the young people who have come back display an air of superiority. Older people, especially those who might employ them, don't like that."

Juan Guzmán was luckier than most. He spent nearly a decade in Orange County, Calif., washing and repairing cars, cutting grass and performing the odd jobs that, he says, "Americans have forgotten how to do." Guzmán, 26, believes he can qualify for permanent U.S. residence, though he has returned home for the time being. But he wants his two children, both born in California, to become acquainted with Mexico first. Guzmán quickly landed a job repairing the town's official vehicles, though he cheerfully concedes he had a big advantage. His father is the chief of police.

By late afternoon, the sun is unbearable, and the odor of the surrounding pig farms has drifted into the center of town. Oblivious to both, the newly returned residents make small talk as they lounge on metal benches in the plaza. In the language of the Tarascan Indians who ruled the area before the Spanish conquest, Huandacareo means "place of speakers." Now, 500 years later, there is little else to do.

—By John Moody/Huandacareo



Small talk in the plaza: once illegal laborers in the U.S. while away the day in Huandacareo

Burgeoning numbers of unemployed are the first sign that the flow is beginning to reverse.

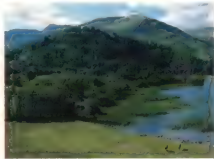
World Notes



Flaming aftermath: fireman sprays plane wreckage



Master bureaucrat: Stalin in 1948



Romantic effusions: where daffodils once thrived

POLAND

Fatal Attempt To Turn Back

LOT Polish airlines Flight 5055 carried a capacity load of 172 passengers and eleven crew members as it lifted off from Warsaw's Okęcie Airport last Saturday en route to New York City. About half an hour into the flight, two of the Soviet-built Ilyushin 62M jetliner's four engines apparently burst into flame. In a frantic effort to reach safety, the pilot turned about, dumped most of the plane's fuel and headed back to Okęcie. Before he could make it, the other two engines caught fire.

"I saw the plane diving, nose-down," said Anna Zagorska, an eyewitness who lives nearby. "There was an explosion that shattered the glass in our house." Four miles short of the airport runway, the flaming aircraft sliced through 500 yards of treetops in the Kabaty Woods, near the town of Piaszno, and crashed to the ground. All 183 aboard, including 17 Americans, were killed.

The aircraft splintered into thousands of pieces over a wide area, most of them afire. Fire fighters and area residents dug ditches to contain the blazes, then began a fruitless search for survivors. "Doctors came, had a look and there was no one to save," said Zagorska. "Hands and legs were hanging

from the trees." It was the worst disaster ever for the Polish national airline.

CANADA

Run Silent, Run Deep

Why on earth would Ottawa want to buy ten nuclear-powered submarines? "If there is going to be somebody's navy in the north," explained Defense Minister Perrin Beatty, "it should be ours." The Canadians are irked that U.S. subs patrol the Arctic passage without permission from Ottawa, which claims the waters as Canadian territory.

To enforce its claim, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's government is weighing the purchase of the submarines (cost: as much as \$740 million each) over the next decade—a hefty order since the annual budget for defense is only \$7.4 billion.

SOVIET UNION

More Knocks For Old Joe

Since Joseph Stalin died in 1953, Soviet historians have condemned the policies of repression that led to torture and death for millions of innocent citizens. Until recently, however, public criticism of Stalin has left largely unscathed the crash industrialization pro-

gram that he established in the '30s. Now, as Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev strives to revitalize Soviet society, a prominent scholar has stepped forward to blame Stalin for the country's economic woes.

Economist Anatoli Butenko traces the system's current disarray to the top-heavy bureaucracy created during the Stalin era. In an interview with the Novosti news agency, Butenko declared that the economy rewarded "lazybones" while allowing "modest toilers" to "lose interest" in their jobs. Declared Butenko: "We cannot make correct decisions regarding the future without an accurate idea of the mistakes of that period."

NORTHERN IRELAND

Getting Tough With the I.R.A.

The Irish Republican Army commandos figured on a turkey shoot. What they got was a bloody shoot-out. Late last week a bulldozer carrying a bomb rammed the gates of a police station in the village of Loughgall, 30 miles from Belfast. Just before the device exploded, wrecking the building, masked terrorists leaped from a blue van and raked the post with gunfire. But the station was empty; tipped off in advance, the police had cleared out. Suddenly a team of the British army's crack Special Air Service sprang from hiding and opened fire.

Killed in the gun battle were all eight I.R.A. terrorists, along with a 38-year-old man caught in the cross fire. It was the most serious setback for the I.R.A. in 18 years of sectarian violence in Ulster. Said Tom King, London's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland: "We are determined to ensure that terrorism does not win."

ENVIRONMENT

When Poetry Was in Flower

"Ten thousand saw I at a glance, / Tossing their heads in a sprightly dance." That was in 1804, when Poet William Wordsworth effused over daffodils in his poem "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud." The daffodil fields near Wordsworth's home have since been thinned by hungry sheep and marauding tourists. Now Britain's National Trust is considering planting hundreds of bulbs to restore the fields to their daffodil-rich condition.

The project comes amid a squabble over just where the daffodils originally bloomed. While tradition places them near Wordsworth's Lake District home in northwest England, a Yorkshire tourist board insists that the immortalized flowers actually grew some 85 miles away. That argument, however, has not taken root among Lake District officials, or at the National Trust.

Economy & Business

Make That Sale, Mr. Sam

Wal-Mart's Walton turns bargains into billions

When a Wal-Mart discount store opens in your town—which could happen soon if it has not already—keep an eye out for a gray-haired 69-year-old wearing a flannel shirt and khaki pants. He may suddenly appear behind any Wal-Mart checkout counter to help the clerk approve a personal check. Or you may see the same grandfatherly figure driving his red-and-white 1984 Ford pickup through the parking lot, counting customers' cars as he goes. Or he may show up at the loading dock with a bag of doughnuts for a surprised crew of workers. Or, at a new-store opening, he may round up the employees for a pep rally at which he will serve as head cheerleader. "Give me a W! Give me an A!" he will yell, all the way to the last T. "Wal-Mart, we're No. 1!"

Who is this tireless senior citizen? He insists on being addressed as just Sam—or Mr. Sam. If you must—but people who have assessed his net worth call him America's richest man. He is Sam Walton, and the fortune he has amassed as founder and chairman of Wal-Mart Stores is estimated at \$4.5 billion and growing. But Walton spends virtually no time counting his money, or even bothering to spend it. He is too busy as one of America's most restless and evangelical corporate leaders. Thanks to his uncanny ability to motivate employees and slash expenses, the chain of discount stores Walton started just 25 years ago has become the fastest-growing and most influential force in the retailing industry. "It's the best-managed company I've ever followed, and I've looked at hundreds," says Margaret Gilliam, a vice president at the First Boston investment firm.

Wal-Mart's growth is phenomenal. The company has been able to expand for the past decade at a dizzying annual pace exceeding 35%, more than triple the rate of the retail industry as a whole. Last year Wal-Mart posted profits of \$450.1 million on sales of \$11.9 billion, up from only \$2.4 billion five years earlier.

The company, which ranks as the fourth largest U.S. retailer, is poised to supplant the No. 3 chain, J.C. Penney (1986 sales: \$14.7 billion), and is moving up fast on the industry behemoths, K mart (\$23.8 billion) and Sears (\$44.3 billion). This week Wal-Mart plans to open eight more stores in towns ranging from Canon City, Colo., to Hickory, N.C., bringing its total to 1,031.

Right now Sam Walton's company is at a critical turning point as it expands beyond its regional, Sunbelt base to become a truly national presence. Can a folksy company with headquarters in the Ozark hill town of Bentonville, Ark. (pop. 9,900), cater to customers from California to New York? So far, shoppers say yes. The chain has opened stores in 23 states, having recently crossed into the Frost Belt states of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Indiana.

At the same time, Wal-Mart is expanding in other directions. It has opened 52 outlets of Sam's Wholesale Club, which are warehouse-style stores of 100,000 sq. ft.,



A warehouse in Bentonville, Ark., is one of ten giant

or about 2½ acres, that serve mainly as one-stop suppliers for small businesses. Next, taking a cue from Europe's successful hypermarkets, Walton plans to open a chain of Wal-Mart Supercenters, which will offer consumers everything from groceries to hardware in one sprawling 220,000-sq.-ft. emporium. The first one, a test model, will debut this fall in a Dallas suburb.

Wal-Mart's frenetic growth has made the company a star on Wall Street, where its stock has skyrocketed almost nonstop since it went public in 1970. An original investment in 100 shares, which sold for about \$1.650 back then, would be worth more than \$700,000 today.

Even so, a first-time visitor to a Wal-Mart store is likely to be overwhelmed initially. The outlets are mostly linoleum floored and arrayed with row upon row of simple racks and counters, punctuated by signs pointing to particular bargains. But the no-frills atmosphere suits the predominantly blue-collar clientele just fine. From shotgun shells to laundry soap, most products are well-known brands at deep discounts. Wal-Mart, unlike many other discount outlets, offers more: well-scrubbed aisles, fully stocked shelves and relentlessly upbeat clerks. "It's attitude," explains Wal-Mart Vice Chairman Jack Shewmaker. "Give me workers with the right attitude."

The fervor among Wal-Mart's 151,000 employees is inspired by a Walton philosophy in which ideas and profits are freely shared. All



No top hat: the boss keeps his company uppermost in mind. He may bring doughnuts to the loading-dock crew.



stockpiles that serve 1,031 stores



No glitz, but that suits the predominantly blue-collar clientele just fine

PERLSTEIN/PICTURE GROUP

store employees, even the lowliest shelf stockers, are given the title "associate." Wal-Mart operates a liberal profit-sharing plan (1986 disbursements: \$52 million) and offers bonuses for specific accomplishments like reducing pilferage. Workers are exhorted to make suggestions. "Most of the good ideas come from the bottom up," says Wal-Mart President David Glass. "We keep changing a thousand little things."

Wal-Mart now has tremendous momentum, but the founder is still a prime force. The son of an Oklahoma farm-mortgage broker, Walton earned an economics degree from the University of Missouri and joined J.C. Penney in 1940 as an \$85-a-month trainee. After serving in the Army, he pooled his savings and borrowed \$25,000 to buy a Ben Franklin store in Newport, Ark., in 1945. By the late 1950s he owned more than a dozen similar stores, but decided that the future was in discounting rather than in five-and-dimes. After studying a K mart in Chicago, Walton and his younger brother James, now a company senior vice president, opened the first Wal-Mart Discount City outlet in 1962, in Rogers, Ark. At the turn of the decade his stores had spread to more than 30 locations.

Today visitors to Wal-Mart's plain, red brick offices in Bentonville soon get an insight into how Walton manages to offer such low prices. The company's frugal quarters are outfitted like a bus station, complete with plastic seats. The chairman's office, covered in bargain-basement paneling, is appointed mostly with strewn-about books and computer printouts.

Humility is Wal-Mart's watchword,

which filters down from Mr. Sam. The billionaire, whose family owns 38% of the company's stock, lives in Bentonville with his wife Helen in a modest brick-and-wood ranch-style house. Their names are on the mailbox, and it was only a few years ago that they installed a security system. All their children, three sons and a daughter, are grown. Walton typically rises before dawn and eats breakfast at the Ramada Inn coffee shop on his way to work. Along the way he may stop at Barber John Mayhall's for his monthly haircut, for which he pays \$5 (no tip). While Bentonville offers few diversions, a favorite Friday-night spot for the Waltons is Fred's Hickory Inn, known for its ribs and cheesecake.

Walton's hobbies always take a backseat to his company. He plays a fine game of tennis, but he reportedly can be easily distracted by canny opponents who bring up the topic of Wal-Mart. Another favorite pastime is quail hunting. Walton often takes his two pointer dogs along with him on his business trips in case any opportunities arise. His only obvious material luxury is a twin-engine Cessna, which he frequently pilots on his constant travels from store to store.

Though Walton has achieved folk-hero status in small-town America, his company has its critics. The country's 100,000 independent manufacturer's representatives are currently incensed at Wal-Mart, claiming that the chain is trying to run them out of business by dealing directly with its suppliers. Meanwhile, Mom-and-pop-store owners contend that

Wal-Mart's cut-rate prices have helped wipe out Main Street shopping. In the past, Wal-Mart's conservative management has drawn some flak for being too slow to promote women, which the company says is untrue, and for being too quick to submit to Preacher Jimmy Swaggart's plea to ban rock magazines like *Rolling Stone* from store racks.

But that just highlights the paradox of Wal-Mart. For all its lingering Bible Belt ways, the company is in most other respects forward thinking. When it comes to technology, Wal-Mart leads the industry. The company is now installing a satellite communications system that will enable a constant stream of sales and inventory data to flow between each store and headquarters. Such information is quickly relayed to ten giant warehouses, which keep the stores well stocked at all times. Every Wal-Mart is within a day's drive of one of these storage depots.

The largest question looming over Wal-Mart is what will happen to the company when Mr. Sam is no longer in charge. The founder, who has a mild form of leukemia, which is now in remission, has gradually turned over day-to-day control to Glass, 51, and Shewmaker, 49, one of whom is likely to become the next chief executive. The titular position of chairman may go to the founder's eldest son, S. Robson Walton, 42, who is at present one of the company's vice chairmen. But Mr. Sam shows no signs of giving up his trademark store visits. For some time to come, Wal-Mart employees will have to be on the lookout for the gray-haired gentleman who loves to exclaim, "Give me a W!"

—By Stephen Koepke

Reported by B. Russell Leavitt/Bentonville

Troubled Temples of Thrift

A savings and loan rescue is under way, but is it enough?

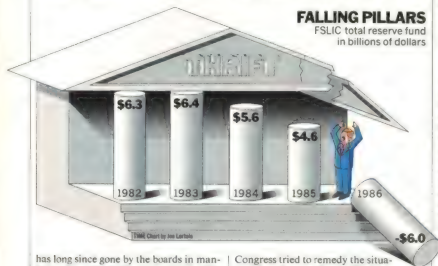
A frantic support operation was going on in Washington last week, but it may not be enough to prop up a large part of the \$1.1 trillion U.S. thrift industry. By a 402-to-6 vote, the House of Representatives approved a \$5 billion cash infusion for the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, backstop for the country's 3,200 federally insured savings and loan associations. That would almost, but not quite, bring the FSLIC back to being merely broke; last year the fund was \$6 billion in the red by normal accounting methods. Normal accounting, however,

low some of the sickliest thrifts to stay in business through the device of lenient accounting practices. Complains William Black, deputy director of the FSLIC: "We are the only shop that keeps insolvent institutions open."

The latest round of the thrift fiasco began in 1980, when Congress last tried to make life easier for the savings institutions. At that time the industry was still reeling from the inflationary spiral that sent interest rates soaring and left the thrifts with billions of dollars of low-interest 30-year mortgages on their books.

FALLING PILLARS

FSLIC total reserve fund
in billions of dollars



has long since gone by the boards in managing the ugly thrift crisis, which after years of alarmed attention is still getting decidedly worse. So bad is the problem, warns Lowell Bryan, a director of the McKinsey & Co. management-consulting firm, that "our entire credit system has become unsound."

Bryan may overstate the case, but there is no denying the horrendous plight of the thrift institutions—or rather of the one-quarter or so of the industry that is foundering by normal accounting standards. Last year the profits of all U.S. thrifts totaled \$895 million, down from \$3.85 billion in 1985. A year ago the 370 or so weakest institutions were hemorrhaging at the rate of \$2.2 billion a year. Now those losses are running closer to an estimated \$3.8 billion annually.

Yet, astonishingly, U.S. legislators have been helping keep the red ink flowing. Reason: Congress has withheld from the FSLIC the amounts of cash needed to pay off the depositors of the insolvent S and Ls and thus wind down the problem once and for all. Though the FSLIC has shut down, merged or taken over 108 institutions since the beginning of 1986, the agency has had to al-

Congress tried to remedy the situation by allowing the thrifts to expand their business far beyond those traditional instruments into stock and bond investment as well as business loans, particularly in commercial real estate. At the same time, thrift deposits continued to receive federal guarantees. The result was that even though numerous thrifts were weak, the industry was encouraged to grow madly rather than face a shake-out.

For some thrifts, the new arrangement proved a bonanza. Columbia Savings & Loan Association of Beverly Hills (assets: \$9.7 billion) has earned a rate of return on capital that has ranged between 44% and 114% annually for the past four years, vs 11% to 13% for the 500 biggest companies traded on the New York Stock Exchange. Columbia invested heavily in high-yield, high-risk junk bonds and volatile mortgage-backed securities, which provide greater profits at lower cost than traditional home mortgages. That kind of speculative strategy works well when interest rates are declining, but it could be disastrous in the event of an interest-rate upturn, which is now occurring. In all, thrifts have absorbed more than 25% of the \$100 billion

in junk bonds currently afloat in the U.S.

The 1980 reform that allowed the thrifts to expand their business proved a major disaster in the Southwest, where a sizable number of thrifts stamped into risky real estate loans and other questionable investments. In many cases the institutions also succumbed to old-fashioned speculation. A spectacular case in point was the Vernon Savings & Loan Association of North Dallas, which was shut down in March with a deficit of more than \$350 million. Vernon was purchased in 1982 by Don Dixon, 48, a North Dallas real estate developer. In six years Dixon pushed Vernon's assets from \$82 million to \$1.7 billion through wildly risky loans and real estate ventures. Two weeks ago the FSLIC charged that Dixon and six former Vernon executives "looted, wasted and dissipated" at least \$140 million of the thrift's assets.

To close down the worst of the remaining money-losing thrifts would cost tons of money—by one estimate, perhaps \$23 billion. FSLIC resources have long been inadequate to the task. Hence there has been considerable pressure in Washington for the past year to add not merely \$5 billion but \$15 billion over five years to FSLIC capitalization. But there has been strong opposition from the thrift industry itself, mostly from the healthiest 60% of the institutions. Reason: the cash infusion would eventually have to be paid back by the thrifts, which are already paying about \$3.5 billion a year to replenish the deposit guarantee fund. Says a spokesman for the U.S. League of Savings Institutions, a powerful industry lobbying group: "All we're asking for is a plan that doesn't overtax the industry."

The reply might be that the industry is already overtaxed and that in the long run the failure to close down the worst of the thrifts will be paid for by the U.S. taxpayer. Spending additional money now might save still more money later. But an amendment to the FSLIC replenishment measure that would have boosted the total to \$15 billion was voted down, 258 to 153. A similar relief bill passed by the Senate in March would allow the FSLIC to be topped up with as much as \$7.5 billion. The two measures must be reconciled in conference.

Meanwhile, worries are growing about an upward surge in interest rates, which could quickly affect thrifts that are still playing a go-go game. In California last month, the often troubled Financial Corp. of America, parent of American Savings & Loan (assets: \$34 billion), the largest U.S. thrift, announced an 81% drop in net income, to \$9.2 million, in the first three months of this year. F.C.A. is hardly alone in its plight, but at the moment the full extent of the thrift debacle is still concealed behind oodles of creative accounting.

—By George Russell.

Reported by Jay Branagan/Washington and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York



In Dearborn, Mich., customers look over a Pontiac Grand Am that rents for \$212.96 a month

Getting More Car for Less Cash

For many of today's drivers, auto leasing is the only way to go

When Carol Inkley went shopping for a new car earlier this year, she faced a supply-side problem: a pending divorce had left her with little to spend and nothing to trade in. Inkley, a Chesterfield, Mo., interior-design coordinator, solved her dilemma by signing a four-year auto lease that avoided the hefty down payment a normal car loan would have required. Cost of the lease: \$239.04 a month. She drove home in a new white Honda CRX complete with automatic transmission, air conditioning and AM-FM radio.

Taking a cue from Corporate America, more and more people these days are shopping for cars the same way that Inkley did. For decades automobile leasing has been popular among firms anxious to protect their cash flow and capital from the kind of rapid depreciation that car-fleet ownership entails. Now individual consumers are taking up the same practice for roughly similar reasons. Last year, according to the American Automotive Leasing Association (A.A.L.A.), a lobbying group, individual customers leased nearly 2 million of the 11.4 million new cars delivered in the U.S., a record. That 17% market share compares with 12% ten years ago. Experts predict that personal leases could account for more than a third of new-car deals by the early 1990s.

Why the switch? Rising sticker prices and the phaseout of income-tax deductions of sales taxes and the interest on consumer car loans are major reasons. Says Bill Willis, fleet and leasing manager for Ford Motor's Ford Division: "Leasing permits people to drive upscale cars, complete with options, without making any initial investment."

Richard Shapiro, 28, chief financial officer for a chain of outpatient health centers based in Los Angeles, likes that notion. He began leasing in 1982 with a

Toyota Celica and moved up to a Mercedes-Benz, later a BMW and now a 1986 Porsche 944. Shapiro pays only about \$450 a month for the Porsche—considerably less than the \$800 a month he figures a conventional auto loan would cost him. Tom and Dede Spencer of Kirkwood, Mo., a suburb of St. Louis, decided to lease their 1987 Dodge Caravan for \$367.50 a month. They can spend the money they would otherwise use for a car down payment for new carpeting and

the delivery-room bills for their new baby.

Car leases are increasingly available from auto companies and dealers, as well as from financial institutions. While most showroom personnel still push first for sales, two-thirds of the nation's 25,150 auto dealers now arrange leases as well. The Consumer Bankers Association says 53% of its member banks leased cars last year, up from just 26% in 1983. General Motors Acceptance Corp. (1986 assets: \$90.78 billion) says the number of leases on its books has increased from about 50,000 in 1982 to about 600,000 last year. GM's Pontiac Division last month introduced 50-month cut-rate leases. Example: under the special offer, a 1987 Pontiac Grand Am that ordinarily leases for about \$240 a month is now going for as little as \$199.

Under many leasing plans, drivers can apply the monthly payments toward the ultimate purchase of the car. However, the customers often wind up paying more than if they had taken out a loan to buy the auto in the first place. Nonetheless, Edward Bayer, vice president of Enterprise Leasing in St. Louis, points out one clear advantage: "With leasing, you can make the buying decision after test-driving the car for three or four years."

For all its newfound popularity, leasing remains a stepchild in the family of auto-finance plans, according to John Fitch, executive director of the A.A.L.A. In his view, Americans still have a "cultural bias" toward owning their major necessities. But if interest rates rise sharply and auto-sticker prices continue to climb, the long-term rent-a-car may become an even more popular American choice.

By William J. Mitchell/Detroit

A Cruise That Had the Blues

This is a luxury cruise? Much of the food was too cold, and many of the rooms too hot. Three out of four swimming pools had no water, while 50 flooded cabins had far too much. All in all, the maiden voyage of the newly refurbished *Queen Elizabeth 2* offered 1,300 transatlantic passengers more than a night to remember. For many, it was a five-day odyssey they hope to forget. Sniffed Detroit Lawyer Dennis Aaron: "It was certainly not what I expected on the *Queen*."

The basic problems stemmed from a six-month, \$162 million overhaul that gave the QE2 modern diesel engines and revamped its accommodations. An official of the Cunard Line, which owns the 18-year-old ocean liner, said it was assumed that the renovated ship would suffer "teething problems." But their unexpected magnitude will take a \$1 million bite out of Cunard's revenues in partial refunds offered to customers.

Not everyone on board felt the trip was a complete loss. Many passengers liked the new shops hawking the goods of Gucci, Dior and Dunhill. Others praised the polite crew, understaffed by a last-minute union squabble. But it was not like the old days when Cunard boasted that "getting there is half the fun." Last week jetting there might have been half the hassle.



"Not what I expected on the *Queen*"

Economy & Business

Thou Shalt Not Smoke

Companies restrict the use of tobacco in the workplace

In the newsroom of the Denver *Post*, reporters and editors cope with a company ban on smoking by gnawing on licorice roots and chewing on unlit cigars. Broward Davis & Associates, a surveying and consulting firm in Tallahassee, refuses to hire anyone who smokes. New England Telephone employees can take a puff in only half the company's rest rooms, and workers at United Technologies' Hartford headquarters must refrain from lighting up in any public work area.

As corporate America comes to terms with the antismoking fervor that has gripped much of the public, more and more firms are regulating the use of tobacco in the workplace. According to a study by the Bureau of National Affairs, about 35% of all U.S. companies restrict smoking (only 2% ban it outright), and an additional 20% are studying the issue. In many cases, companies have no choice: 17 states and hundreds of localities outlaw smoking in offices and other workplaces. The Surgeon General's report last year asserting that smokers create health risks for nearby nonsmokers has encouraged

companies to promote smoke-free work environments. Finally, firms are increasingly aware of the cost of having smokers on staff: higher insurance expenses and increased absenteeism.

Most companies try to accommodate their nonsmoking workers without alienating their tobacco-dependent colleagues. Many firms begin to formulate a policy by polling their staffs. When New England Telephone discovered that 70% of its 27,000 employees did not smoke, it decided to take a strong stand against tobacco. Smoking is now permitted only in certain hallways and rest rooms and in a small section of the cafeteria. Eastman Kodak has democratized the decision-making process. Employees vote on whether common work areas should be smoke-free. While smoking is generally banned in conference rooms, exceptions can be made if there are no objections from anyone present.

A company's policy often reflects its top executive's personal attitude toward smoking. Says Cynthia Ferguson, acting executive director of the American Lung Association: "We see this very clearly.

Management support means everything." Ted Phillips, chairman of the New England, a Boston-based insurance company, is an ex-smoker who strongly believes smoking on the job should be limited to private offices in order to safeguard the health of all workers. That is precisely the policy of his firm. At Frosty Acres Brands, a Georgia canned-goods packager, a smoking ban is unlikely because President Louis Dell smokes almost two packs a day. But Dell acknowledges that the rights of nonsmokers should be protected. As a result, smoking is not allowed in the firm's executive conference room, and employees are free to ban smoking in their private offices.

No matter how well intentioned their bosses may be, many smokers feel persecuted by their firms' antismoking policies. "Just call me Sneaky Pete," says a salesman of novelty items who would face being fired if his smoking habit was discovered. Says he: "It's incredibly unfair. I was a smoker when they hired me, and then, out of the blue, I'm supposed to stop just because the boss says so." Some employees fear their chances for advancement may be choked off by their smoking habit, though favoritism toward nonsmokers is rarely explicit. Len Beil, director of human resources at Pacific Northwest Bell, says a bias against smoking "could be in the back of a manager's mind

Starting today,
one dog in fifty will eat
like never before.



when making a decision on a promotion."

Job seekers are discovering that smoking can endanger their careers. Newspaper classified advertisements frequently specify that employers are looking for "nonsmokers only." One of the first questions asked of job applicants at Vanguard Electronic Tool in Redmond, Wash.: "Do you smoke?" If the answer is yes, the interview is over. That is perfectly legal. On the other hand, federal laws forbid an employer to discriminate on the basis of race, sex, religion or marital status.

Many smokers may secretly welcome the corporate crusade against smoking. Says Robert Rosner, executive director of the Seattle-based Smoking Policy Institute, a consulting firm that advises companies on how to formulate smoking policies: "The fact is, most smokers want to quit." Many of them embrace the new corporate activism as an incentive to give up tobacco once and for all. At Rhode Island's Newport *Daily News*, it was the smokers who unanimously voted to ban

smoking from the premises, although taking a drag is not a cause for dismissal.

More and more companies that have imposed restrictions on smoking are attempting to help their employees kick the habit. BMC Software, a Texas company that prohibits smoking on the job, has sent employees to antismoking hypnosis sessions. Abbott Laboratories

hires smokers but strongly urges them to sign a pledge to take a company-sponsored workshop that teaches people how to stop smoking. The five sessions cost employees \$30, but if they stay off cigarettes for four months, Abbott refunds the money.

Despite the changes taking place, antismoking lobbyists continue to press for stricter limitations on smoking in the workplace. Last week the American Public Health Association and Ralph Nader's Public Citizen Health Research Group petitioned the Occupational Safety and Health Administration to impose an emergency rule that would eliminate or restrict smoking in virtually all indoor work sites. While the Government is not expected to take any immediate action, the pressure is sure to grow. Smokers, after all, make up a shrinking minority. Nonsmokers, like any other large majority, know the numbers—and the clout—are increasingly on their side. —By Barbara Rudolph. Reported by Robert Ajemian/Boston and Nancy Seufert/Los Angeles



A new employee at Abbott Laboratories pledges to try to give up cigarettes. Some smokers fear their chances for advancement may be choked.

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THE ECONOMY

It Ain't Over Till It's Over

If last week's news from the Labor Department is any indication, the longest economic expansion in peacetime history still has plenty of life left in it. The unemployment rate dropped in April from 6.6% to 6.3%, its lowest level since early 1980. Even with 7.5 million Americans still jobless, the economy is "much stronger than anyone thinks," says Allen Sinai, chief economist of Shearson Lehman Bros.

But the outlook remains marred by the weak dollar and slumping bond prices. The employment report may lead the Federal Reserve Board to conclude that the economy is strong enough to withstand a further rise in interest rates, which would defend the dollar and guard against an acceleration of inflation.

CORPORATE RELOCATION

Off to That Toddling Town

Since 1900 the names Akron and Firestone have gone together like a matched set of steel-belted radials. Back then, Harvey Firestone chose the Ohio city as home for what is now the nation's No. 2 tire-maker. But Firestone Chairman John Nevin is treading on

tradition with his plan to move the head office to Chicago later this year. Nevin's explanation: the Windy City is a financial, retailing and transportation hub. It is also near Winnetka, Ill., where Nevin's family lives in a house he visits monthly.

Akron is stunned at the loss of about 450 jobs. Mayor Don Plusquellic tried to dissuade Nevin from making the move, but found him "adamant." Two shareholder lawsuits seek to block the relocation. They charge that it would waste money and that Firestone directors did not let shareholders in on the decision.

RETAILING

Two Top Tunes To Go, Please

To record companies, it seems unfair. But to many music lovers, home taping of records is an inalienable right. Why buy a whole album, they ask, when a tape recorder enables them to copy only the songs they want from a friend's record?

Now a new recording system developed by Personics, a Menlo Park, Calif., company, may make both sides happy. The computerized Personics machines, which will be introduced in five California record stores this summer, will enable the consumer to make a customized cassette tape by choosing from an initial inventory of 1,000 songs. After consulting a catalog of available selections,

the customer gives the order to a clerk, who transfers the music from a master optical disk to a blank cassette, and may use a computer to print a custom label for the tape. The high-speed equipment can record 40 minutes of music in less than five minutes. The cost: 50¢ to \$1.25 a tune.

The system's selection will eventually exceed 15,000 songs, culled from the top hits of the past 30 years. So far, Capitol and Warner Bros. are among the leading record companies that have agreed to let their songs be distributed by the system. The firms, which will receive royalties whenever one of their songs is selected, hope to recoup some of the estimated \$1.5 billion in sales that the record industry loses annually to home taping.

BANKING

I Have to Put You on Hold

It is the banking industry's version of "The check's in the mail." Banks sometimes force customers to wait as long as a month to make sure that deposited checks do not bounce. But Congress moved closer last week to ending this widespread practice, which House Banking Committee Chairman Fernand St Germain calls a "shell game."

In a 388-to-5 vote, the House approved the Rhode Island Democrat's proposal,

which would ultimately limit the nation's banks to a one-day hold on deposits of local checks and a four-day hold on out-of-state checks. The Senate earlier passed a similar measure that would set a more flexible schedule, and now congressional conferees must reconcile the two versions.

PRODUCTS

Gems for Your Pearly Whites

The million or so Americans who start orthodontic care each year can brace themselves to smile: the company that came up with Band-Aids has turned its attention to teeth. Johnson & Johnson's orthodontic division last week unveiled a new kind of bracket, the part of braces that affixes to the teeth. Called Starfire brackets, they are made of transparent, stain-proof sapphire. They may become an attractive alternative to clear brackets made of plastic, which tend to discolor. Traditional metallic braces, though still widely used, give some self-conscious patients the feeling that they resemble James Bond's cinematic nemesis Jaws.

The synthetic sapphire used in Johnson & Johnson's braces is less expensive than the natural gem. Still, the Starfire brackets will add up to \$500 to the average \$2,500 cost of orthodontic treatment.

Law

Military Justice Comes to Attention

Are fair trials assured in the Marine guard spy case?

The wheels of military justice have begun turning in the Moscow embassy sex-for-secrets spy scandal. At the Marine base in Quantico, Va., a closed pretrial hearing resumes this week in the case of Sergeant Clayton J. Lonetree, the former embassy guard accused of providing Soviet agents with entry to the building's most sensitive areas. At a similar session two weeks ago, military authorities began outlining their case against Corporal Arnold Bracy, Lonetree's alleged accomplice. In each instance, a Marine reviewing officer will consider whether the Government's case justifies a court-martial on espionage charges, which can carry the death penalty for servicemen.

The fact that the two Marines' march to justice will be played out to a military drumbeat has cheered many civilian observers and dismayed as many others. For the same reason: the no-nonsense procedures of military justice would get right to the punitive point, without being deflected by wimpy legal niceties. But that vision of military law is at least naive. Sergeant Lonetree and Corporal Bracy may in the end face a grimmer outcome at the hands of a court-martial, but before that can happen, they will enjoy some advantages they would not have in civilian courts.

Recognizing the special requirements of discipline in the ranks, the Constitution authorizes separate legal regulation of the military forces. Each branch of the service had its own system until 1950, when the Uniform Code of Military Justice was adopted in response to complaints about disparities among the services. Since then, architects of military law have been moving it closer to civilian standards of trial procedure and evidence. Even before the U.S. Supreme Court's *Miranda* decision, military defendants were required to be informed of their rights before questioning, and the military contends that Lonetree and Bracy were properly informed of the right to silence.

Officials say, however, that both men made admissions that are crucial to the charges against them. That may not help the prosecution though. Defense sources indicate that Bracy has withdrawn significant portions of his statements, and military



Bracy leaving hearing: Is a court-martial impartial?

law, unlike federal civil procedures, requires some corroboration before an admission can be introduced as evidence. Because of the nature of the case, corroboration will be difficult. (The prosecution is seeking classified CIA information, some of which the agency may be reluctant to provide, and that reluctance is not greatly eased by the fact that the tribunal is military.)

Perhaps the greatest advantage to the defense is the "Article 32" pretrial hearing now under way in both cases. A grand

jury proceeding, the nearest civilian equivalent, hears the prosecution's case without the defendant or his lawyers present. At Article 32 hearings, the defense is not only present but can challenge witnesses and call its own. Even William Kunstler, the activist attorney representing Lonetree, concedes that "at the end of Article 32, the defense knows almost everything that the prosecution has."

Military courts are more lenient, however, in admitting hearsay evidence that a witness claims to have heard from someone else, which may work against the two Marines. Lonetree reportedly made damaging statements about himself and Bracy to a Marine buddy. While many civilian courts continue to require a unanimous jury verdict, only two-thirds of the jurors in a court-martial are needed for conviction—meaning less chance that the defendants can fall back on one stubborn holdout.

The court-martial consists of a judge, who must be a qualified lawyer, plus no fewer than five jurors—normally all officers, unless an enlisted defendant requests otherwise.

The prosecutor and defense counsel must also be lawyers. But critics say the entire proceeding is conducted in the shadow of command influence. "All the paper guarantees pale compared to the weight of lots of brass," says Washington Attorney Gene Fidell, a specialist in military cases. Stories abound of unit commanders pressuring trial authorities to produce guilty verdicts and heavy sentences. In fact, the superior officer convening an Article 32 proceeding can order a court-martial even if the hearing officer recommends against it. And court-martial judges enjoy neither fixed assignment nor life tenure, making them vulnerable to the influence of superiors who decide the course of their careers.

"It's possible to get a fair trial in a military court, but it depends on good will and just intentions," says Charles Bumer, a longtime military-court civilian lawyer. Kunstler is less sanguine. He may seek to have Lonetree's case moved to federal courts. But Defense Attorney F. Lee Bailey, another civilian veteran of the military courts, thinks that may be a mistake. Tongue just slightly in cheek, he maintains, "If I'm guilty, I want a civilian trial; if innocent, military justice is superior." —By Richard Lacayo, Reported by Bruce van Voorst/Washington

Rotary Action

Like many other private men's organizations, the nearly 20,000 worldwide chapters of the Rotary International are not all that private.

That was one reason why last week the U.S. Supreme Court unanimously upheld the use of a state anti-discrimination law to bar Rotary International from ousting a California chapter that had admitted women. Noting the clubs' sizable membership, turnover rate and public activities, Justice Lewis Powell

concluded that "the relationship among Rotary Club members is not the kind of intimate or private relation that warrants constitutional protection." About 30 states have laws similar to California's. The Justices said other organizations will be considered on a case-by-case basis, but some

thought they could read the writing on the clubhouse wall for such venerable male bastions as the Kiwanis and the Lions. "The Wednesday night men's poker club may still be safe," said Rotary International President-elect Charles Keller. "But I don't know what else is."



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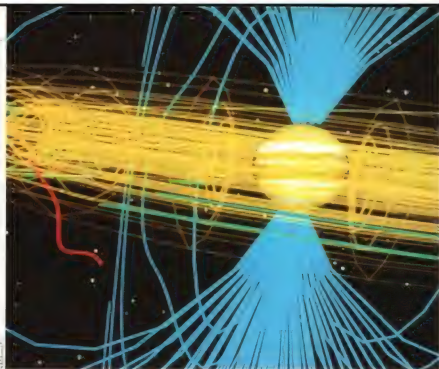
Computers

Pictures Worth A Million Bytes

Computer-generated images are now vital laboratory tools

Among the flashy hardware and software on display at last week's First World Supercomputer Exhibition in Santa Clara, Calif., the small Cornell National Supercomputer Facility booth attracted attention out of proportion to its size. There, on a large video screen, more than a thousand stars wheeled around a newly formed black hole, an incredibly dense, bizarre entity with gravity so strong that not even light can escape from it. As nearby stars were sucked in by its gravity, the hole grew. By the time the system stabilized, nearly half its stars were gone. Conventioneers were fascinated.

But not as much as some scientists were. Before their equations were converted into computer images, astrophysicists had predicted that only a tenth as many stars in such a system would be eaten by a black hole. This was no isolated case. Across the nation, in disciplines ranging from geophysics to medicine to entomology, scientists are discovering that computer images can sometimes lead to a better understanding of nature. Borrowing a leaf from Hollywood's special-effects book (and in some cases hiring Hollywood technicians), they are converting their data into video form. Because the human brain is exquisitely adept at picking up visual cues, scientists have begun benefiting from what Robert Langridge of the University of California at San Francisco calls "computer-aided insights." Says Langridge, who uses 3-D graphics to model biological molecules: "Computer graphics gives us a window into what is going on, rather than just a



Simulation of a Jupiter flyby, showing the planet's magnetic-field lines and a ring of sulfur ions

scientific result. It has become an experimental tool."

At the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, mathematicians plot complex equations on a computer-graphics terminal, which translates the numbers and symbols into form and color. Watching a curving, perforated object take form on the screen, the mathematicians gradually become convinced that they have produced a new shape with a jawbreaking name: a complete embedded minimal surface with finite topology. Previously only three such shapes were known to exist; topologists have sought and speculated about a fourth for two centuries, but until this moment it has never been proved to exist. The imagery demonstrates that there are an infinite number of such surfaces.

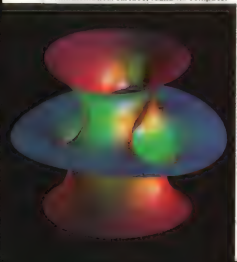
In West Lafayette, Ind., a Purdue University biologist who until recently was building models of viruses by laboriously fastening together hundreds of brass

fittings taps away at a computer keyboard. When he is done, he has created on the screen an image of rhinovirus 14 (one of some 113 varieties responsible for the common cold) that can be turned and viewed in three dimensions. Rhinovirus 14 thus becomes the first animal virus of any kind to have its full portrait drawn.

The growing need for electronic imagery rises from the sheer number-crunching power of computers like those shown in Santa Clara. Says Craig Upson, a graphics specialist who last August left a commercial animation firm to join the staff of the National Center for Supercomputing Applications at the University of Illinois: "You find yourself lost in this maze of data because suddenly you can compute far more than you can comprehend." The route to comprehension, he says, is to turn the numbers into images.

NCSA, one of five regional supercomputer centers established since 1985

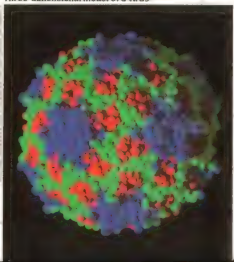
A mathematical surface, found via computer



Cross section of a neutron-star collision



Three-dimensional model of a virus



Religion

by the National Science Foundation, is rapidly emerging as a leader in scientific graphics. Last year, for instance, Artist Donna Cox and Computer Scientist Ray Idaszak helped Caltech Astrophysicist Charles Ross Evans produce a short videotape depicting what in theory would occur in the collision of two neutron stars. To the untrained eye, the colliding stars look more like exotic flowers than a cosmic catastrophe. But the colors all have a quantitative meaning: areas colored red are ten times as dense as yellow ones, and yellow represents 100 times the density of blue. "People who are not involved in these calculations might wonder if we couldn't spend our time better doing science than making movies," Evans says. "What they don't understand is that the movies are necessary to the science."

That is true at the microscopic as well as the telescopic level. Michael Rossmann, who modeled the common-cold virus, became a convert to computer graphics after Purdue acquired its first graphics machine. Compared with a physical model, he says, "the computer is much more versatile. We can zoom in as close as we like; we can look at much more complicated structures. We can display the model on all sides and in different colors." In the old days he would often mark different atoms in his brass models with colored yarn—which kept falling off. "The old methodology seems so cumbersome now, even laughable," he says. "It's like a dinosaur." Rossmann, who has also modeled other viruses, like the mengo virus, has gone on to produce the image of the site where an antiviral drug binds to the surface of a virus—important in both understanding how existing drugs work and developing new ones.

Anthon Hopfinger, a chemist at the Chicago campus of the University of Illinois, is using computer graphics to identify the site where adriamycin, a chemotherapy drug, binds to cancer cells. "Molecular graphics has been a real boon to the study of large molecules and proteins," he says. "You can think of it as the equivalent of landing an airplane on an aircraft carrier, except in this case you're sitting on the drug molecule and landing on the DNA molecule. If you didn't have graphics, it would be like being blind and still trying to land on the aircraft carrier."

Some scientists warn against going overboard with the new technique. Says James Blinn, a Jet Propulsion Laboratory scientist who created some of NASA's most spectacular computer simulations of planetary flybys. "Sometimes a half-baked idea gets printed up prettily and gets more attention than it deserves." Still, Blinn believes, as long as the scientific data used to generate the images are accurate, computer graphics can prod scientists to move in exciting new directions. NASA's Upon agrees. "If we play our cards right," he says, "we may actually make a dent in how people do science." —By Michael D. Lemonick.

Reported by Cristina Garcia/San Francisco and J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago



Jim Bakker: Incriminating testimony



G. Raymond Carlson: pain, humiliation

Ousting Two from the Clergy

Bakker and an aide are fired from the Assemblies of God

Many a Protestant parson caught up in scandal has quietly been found guilty by an ecclesiastical panel and has then slipped from view. But last week a double defrocking was proclaimed to the world by the national head of the ministers' denomination. The ousted preachers are Jim Bakker, who confessed to adultery last March and then gave up his multimillion-dollar PTL television network and theme park at Fort Mill, S.C., and his former top executive, Richard Dortch, who was accused of orchestrating a cover-up of Bakker's lapse.

District officials of the Assemblies of God, a Pentecostal denomination with 2.3 million U.S. followers, reached the decision on the two clergymen during two days of discussions in Fayetteville, N.C. Their findings were endorsed in a telephone conference by the national denomination's 13-member Executive Presbytery and announced at Assemblies headquarters in Springfield, Mo.

The Assemblies expelled Bakker not only for committing adultery with Jessica Hahn, a former church secretary from West Babylon, N.Y., but also for "alleged misconduct involving bisexual activity." Two weeks ago, at his residence in Palm Springs, Calif., Bakker declared to reporters, "I'm not a homosexual." However, sources familiar with the Assemblies investigation of PTL (for Praise the Lord or People That Love) reported that incriminating testimony came from witnesses who claimed to have participated in such sexual activity with Bakker.

G. Raymond Carlson, general superintendent of the Assemblies of God, said "many people" were willing to confront Bakker and Dortch with their charges but the accused clergymen declined to participate in the investigation. "There is a very

large file on this," said Carlson. "Other evidence could be used," but the officials "felt this was sufficient." Church observers noted that adultery alone justified defrocking. The homosexual charge may have been put on the record so that Bakker would have to respond to it if he ever sought to regain ministerial credentials. Under Assemblies bylaws, a minister ousted for adultery can apply for reinstatement after two years, but homosexual activity brings permanent banishment.

Dortch briefly succeeded Bakker as PTL president and host of its TV show until he was forced out last month. Dortch was found guilty of failing to notify church leaders of Bakker's misconduct and of subsequent deceit (the two men arranged hush-money payments of \$265,000 to Hahn and her advisers). Dortch's downfall after 33 years in the ministry was especially awkward. He had been the Illinois superintendent for the denomination and had served 14 years on the very body that ordered his defrocking. Bakker and Dortch, who had no immediate response to the action, have 30 days to file an appeal to the Executive Presbytery, although that is considered unlikely.

Badly shaken by the scandals, PTL last week put its debt at \$65 million and began laying off 220 of its 2,000 employees. Assemblies Superintendent Carlson said the scandal "has been most painful, very difficult, embarrassing and humiliating" for his group, the fastest-growing Protestant denomination in the U.S. The Assemblies have ordered a special day of prayer and fasting for all 10,886 congregations on May 17.

—By Richard N. Ostling.
Reported by Barbara Dolan/Detroit and B. Russell Leavitt/Atlanta

Medicine



Women enjoying their after-work conversation and drinks in a Manhattan restaurant

Should Women Drink Less?

New studies link alcohol consumption to breast cancer

Of all malignancies, breast cancer is perhaps the one most feared by women, and with good reason. For one thing, it is the most common form of cancer found in women: about one in ten will eventually be stricken, and the American Cancer Society estimates that 130,000 new cases will be diagnosed this year alone. For another, it will cause approximately 41,000 deaths among females in 1987, second only to a projected total of 44,000 for the less prevalent but deadlier lung cancer. And even when breast cancer is successfully treated, that success is often accompanied by permanent disfigurement and psychological damage. For all these reasons, women are particularly concerned about the causes as well as the treatment of breast cancer, and eager to learn anything they can about how to reduce their risk of contracting it.

Unfortunately, only some risk factors, such as a high-fat diet, can be controlled. Many others—age (over 50), for example, or a family history of the disease—cannot. But evidence has been growing during the past several years that there may be one more factor women can do something about: the consumption of alcoholic beverages. Two studies published in last week's *New England Journal of Medicine* made that case even stronger.

One report, by researchers at Harvard Medical School, concluded that women who consume as few as three drinks a week have a 30% greater chance of developing

breast cancer than those who seldom or never drink. In the other study, researchers at the National Cancer Institute went further, reporting a 50% higher risk for women who drink any alcohol at all, and as much as a 100% increase in risk for those who have three drinks or more weekly.

Lawrence Garfinkel, vice president for epidemiology and statistics at ACS, was impressed with the results. "Women can't do anything about most of the risk factors associated with breast cancer," he said. "When you add something to the list that you can do something about, those women should especially be concerned."

Blocks and Barriers

More than half a million U.S. women are unable to bear children because their Fallopian tubes have been blocked or damaged, usually by sexually transmitted infections. Yet the risk of tubal infertility can easily be reduced. How? By the use of so-called barrier contraceptives—diaphragms, cervical caps and condoms—which bar the passage of sperm into the uterus.

That was the conclusion reported last week in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* by a team led by Gynecologist Daniel Cramer of Boston's Brigham and Women's Hospital. After studying past contraceptive use

by 283 childless women with tubal infertility and 3,833 new mothers, the researchers found that women who had used barrier contraceptives had 40% less risk of tubal infertility. The explanation, suggests one of the report's authors, Harvard Epidemiologist Marlene Goldman, is that these contraceptives prevent any germs carried in the semen from reaching the upper genital tract and causing pelvic inflammatory disease, the most common cause of tubal infertility. Concluded Willard Cates, of the Centers for Disease Control, in an accompanying editorial: "The ultimate educational message is that barrier methods [ideally used with spermicides] will not only prevent unplanned pregnancy in the short run but also preserve desired fertility in the future."

Confronted with demands for specific advice on drinking behavior in light of the new findings, doctors begin hedging. Said Peter Greenwald, director of NCI's cancer-prevention-and-control division: "We don't have the information to be making a public recommendation at this point." Garfinkel agreed, "We need a lot more data." One problem is that these and earlier studies simply associate drinking with cancer; they do not show a cause-and-effect relationship or offer an explanation of the mechanisms involved.

Even if there is such a relationship, it may be far from direct: researchers have speculated that alcohol may make it easier for carcinogens to penetrate breast tissue or may affect hormones metabolized by the liver or released from the pituitary gland. Said Robert Hiatt of the Kaiser Permanente Medical Care Program in Oakland, who reported an alcohol-breast cancer link in 1984: "So far, this is an epidemiological finding that has been repeated, leading to concern. As yet, there is no linkup with biology." Indeed, even NCI's Greenwald conceded that alcohol may be less important than other risk factors.

There is another reason that doctors are hesitant to advise women to stop drinking: many studies have suggested that moderate consumption of alcohol reduces the risk of heart disease, which annually kills more than nine times as many women as does breast cancer. Walter Willett, the principal author of the Harvard study, admits, "We're also missing one piece of information—specifically, whether decreasing or stopping in the middle of life will influence the risk of breast cancer. It's possible that whatever damage may have been done early on cannot be reversed."

Nonetheless, a consensus exists that women who are already at risk for breast cancer should probably drink less. Will such a lukewarm warning have any effect on behavior? Probably not. Interviewed in a Washington singles bar, Therese Gallagher, 23, a student from New York City, said she would continue to down six drinks weekly. "I don't think about the bad things in life until something happens," she explained. If she drinks wine, though, she may not have to worry: the Harvard study found an increased risk of breast cancer only for beer and hard liquor. —By Michael D. Lemonick.

Reported by Andrea Dorfman, New York and Dick Thompson, Washington

HOW TO USE COMPUTERS INTELLIGENTLY

FASTER MARKET RESPONSE, QUALITY IMPROVEMENT, AND COST-CUTTING

At the beginning of this decade, the problem was clear. American industry was in decline. Some short-term fixes were possible, but competition from lower-wage nations demanded something more—an American industrial renaissance. GM took the challenge.

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We had to do more than emulate the Swedish or Japanese methods, we had to have better integration of the social system with technology. With the monumental tasks of reducing emissions and improving fuel economy coming under control, we were able to turn the attention of GM's engineers and scientists to this new task.

GM engineers developed the MAP (Machine Automation Protocol) system to permit machines already on the factory floor to communicate with each other and with the central computer. Before the invention of MAP, the machines, which spoke different computer "languages," were difficult to manage or even

to operate. Under the new system, the machines could be instructed from a central source, made to work in harmony. The opportunity for flexible manufacturing had come to the factory floor.

Cost-cutting was another mission for computer technology. GM, working together with union people, devised a way to save millions of dollars a month. Without reducing benefits to employees! Computer programs were designed and implemented. And the cost-saving began.

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Education

His Trumpet Was Never Uncertain

Hesburgh retires from Notre Dame after 35 distinguished years

Notre Dame's incoming president was holding one of his first press conferences. Only sportswriters had shown up, one of them carrying a football, which he tossed to Father Theodore Martin Hesburgh, with a request that the priest assume the hike stance. "I'm not the coach," snapped the new leader of America's foremost collegiate football power. "I'm the president!" And he strode from the room. "That happened only once," recalls the 69-year-old Hesburgh, who is now preparing for his retirement; it will come next week, after a reign that is the longest and, by some accounts, the most distinguished of any major U.S. university head. The school he took over in 1952 was, according to Hesburgh's own blunt estimate, "ordinary." Since then:

- Enrollment has nearly doubled, to 9,676, and the proportion of undergraduates rated in the top tenth of their high school classes has risen, from 30% to 95%.
- The graduate school has moved from the doldrums to solid rankings in theology, philosophy and mathematics.
- Endowment has jumped from \$9 million to \$400 million-plus and the budget from \$9.7 million to \$176.6 million.
- Campus buildings have increased from 48 to 88, including an imposing 14-story library, re-named for Hesburgh last week, which holds 1.6 million publications.

Far more important to Hesburgh have been the changes in Notre Dame's governance and its amalgam of scholars. In 1967 he persuaded the Congregation of Holy Cross, his order of priests and the founders of Notre Dame, to cede control of the institution to a lay board of trustees, though the school would remain Catholic and its president a priest of the order. This was a radical step in Catholic education, where virtue and even legitimacy are often judged by proximity to the church hierarchy. To Hesburgh, however, ecumenical leadership was essential to turning



Father Ted overlooking his domain last week: "I don't want to be Harvard"

A vision, Mass at the South Pole and a westward trek with a moped.

the university's vision outward toward the world.

Hesburgh is openly proud of the result. "We have trustees who are black, white, men, women, Hispanic, Protestant, Jewish," he told a campus newspaper recently, "and they come from all over the country and beyond." He is equally pleased to have opened the doors of the formerly all-male school to women in 1972. Today about one-third of Notre Dame's students are female. To replace what he once described as "academic programs encrusted over the decades," Hesburgh insisted that students take an unusually extensive requirement

of core courses (currently 39 hours out of the baccalaureate's 120), and he held to that principle through the curriculum-battering '60s.

As for football, it still has its place at

Notre Dame, though an increasingly modest one (since 1981 the team has posted a 34-31-1 record). More impressive, however, are the team members' academic statistics. Some 95% of the football players in the past 25 years have graduated, compared with a figure as low as 20% at unrepentant jock factories. Adds Father Edmund Joyce, Hesburgh's long-time executive vice president, who will also retire next week: "We're playing by another set of rules."

Those rules, along with the other elevating standards Hesburgh has pounded into Notre Dame, leave other college presidents somewhat in awe. Says Jesuit Father Timothy Healy, president of Georgetown University: "If you ask American college presidents who is the most successful president they know, they'll say, 'Ted Hesburgh.'" Harvard's reticent Derek Bok will venture from Cambridge, Mass., to South Bend, Ind., this Sunday to deliver a rare extramural commencement speech in tribute to his old friend.

Hesburgh, who attended Notre Dame's Holy Cross seminary and later taught theology at the university, has gone at his prodigious works with unwavering energy and focus—plus a regal self-assurance. A globe-trotter who covers as many as 150,000 miles a year proselytizing for Notre Dame, he has said Mass at the South Pole and at the Faculty House of the University of Moscow. (The difference between God and Hesburgh, goes an old campus joke, is that God is everywhere and Hesburgh everywhere but Notre Dame.) With this spiritual nourishment fed into a healthy ego, he retains a natural sense of command. "The very essence of leadership is you have to have a vision," he says. "It's got to be a vision you articulate clearly and forcefully on every occasion. You can't blow an uncertain trumpet." During student unrest in the '60s, he told the university community that protesters would be given 15 minutes to decide whether to desist or be suspended. De-

The One And Only

Jonathan Monheit is more than just a big man on campus. He is the only man on campus. When the 19-year-old freshman transferred to Goucher College near Baltimore in January, he was

the first male to enroll full time since the school decided to go coed last year. The distinction has its burdens. Monheit lives in a dormitory guest room, gets ribbed by male friends and, when introduced to other-

wise supportive Goucher peers, is often greeted with "Oh, so you're the one." Says he: "You get a very isolated feeling sometimes."

Founded in 1885, Goucher went coed in an effort to reverse declining enrollment, currently around 850. "The presence of a full-time male student has made a statement," says President Rhoda

Dorsey, pointing to a 51% rise in applications. Some 100 came from men, so Monheit will not be a lone pioneer for long. That suits him fine. He would rather follow quietly in the footsteps of his mother, Goucher '57.



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TIME

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Education

spite some grumbling from students, the ultimatum resulted in a calm few other campuses experienced.

The Hesburgh vision and trumpet have reached far beyond South Bend. He has always insisted that "my purpose is to produce educated Christians. I don't want to be Harvard. I want to be the greatest Catholic university in the world." Nevertheless, last fall he acted as point man for 111 Catholic college presidents who rebutted a Vatican schema for greater control over the appointment of theology professors at Catholic schools. Their objection was that such control could infringe academic freedom. "The church proclaims the word of God loud and clear without any doubts," says Hesburgh, whereas the "university is in the business of pushing the frontiers of knowledge."

This was not Hesburgh's first exchange with the Vatican. He declined a Cardinal's red hat from his friend Pope Paul VI. His commanding presence also elicited an offer from Lyndon Johnson to run the space program, which Hesburgh declined, commenting that a priest with poverty vows should not be running a \$6 billion agency. He also rejected a Nixon proposal to head up the poverty program. "I never wanted to be a sort of Cardinal Richelieu," he commented of these Government offers. However, he has sat as chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation



Successor Malloy: a legacy of new rules

and as a board member of the Chase Manhattan Bank. And his deep feelings against racism led him to serve as chairman of Nixon's Civil Rights Commission until his political independence led Nixon to demand his resignation in 1972. "They'll probably appoint some rabbit in my place," growled Hesburgh.

In the course of this odyssey, Hesburgh has collected a record 112 honorary degrees (runner-up: Herbert Hoover, with 89). These days are being filled with further honors as Father Ted says adieu.

Last Saturday he gave a televised address via satellite to some 50,000 Notre Dame alumni around the world. He opened on the jocular note that "these recent weeks and months have been like attending one's own funeral," and he summed up with sentimental elegance, "I leave this university... in the hands of Notre Dame, Our Lady."

After commencement, the university's presidency will pass from Father Ted to Father Ed: Edward ("Monk") Malloy, 46, a former Notre Dame basketball player who has been an associate professor of theology and associate provost. At that point, Hesburgh and fellow Retiree Joyce will take off for a vacation tour of the West in a 26-ft. motor home equipped with auxiliary mopeds. The two priests have been warming up for the journey by buzzing around campus on the red bikes, wearing red helmets and black jackets.

Through all the hoopla, as through all the years and honors before, Hesburgh has not wavered from his inner call. "I always wanted to be a priest, ever since I ever wanted to be anything," he says. "Faith keeps him going strong," confirms Georgetown's Healy. "He says Mass like the day he was ordained. That's his real greatness. He's what the Irish call a darlin' man." And, by every appearance, a deeply fulfilled one.

—By Ezra Bowen

Reported by Barbara Dolan/South Bend

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Sport

Hailing the First Eric Davis

A man who can steal a base and hit a home run is a joy forever

New Willie Mayses are the perennial hope of baseball, which, counting McCovey and Stargell, is completely out of wondrous Willies now and is missing Henry Aaron and Roberto Clemente too. And Frank Robinson and Lou Brock. The widespread news that they have all come back as Eric Davis of the Cincinnati Reds is a prospect more wishful and bountiful than seems humanly possible just 30 games into another season.

When Davis hit two home runs one recent evening in Philadelphia, the Phillies pitcher Don Carman prescribed kryptonite. But at 6 ft. 3 in., scarcely 180 lbs., physically he is not even the most imposing of all the Davises in the major leagues (there are ten). Two days later, he hit three more homers—one to right center, one to dead center, one to left center—including his second grand slam of the weekend, putting him first in the National League in home runs (12), RBIs (27), runs (27), slugging (.900) and on-base (.475) percentages, game-winning hits (4) and batting average (.411), and second in stolen bases (10). If he is not launching balls over the center-field fence, he is retrieving them acrobatically or disrupting tight games on the base paths. How many ways can a man dominate a baseball game?

Davis is just 24 years old, a number eternally associated with Mays, and wears 44 on his back, Aaron's ancient monogram. His hitting stance is as bowed as a bull rider's and, like Mays, he wields his bat low. But he is more coiled and wristy even than Aaron. Davis' thumbnail sketch includes these barely credible entries: supposedly he developed those wrists dribbling basketballs endlessly on the blacktops of direst Los Angeles and was a mere eighth-round draft choice in 1980 because most of the baseball scouts were afraid to venture into the neighborhood. From the sound of it, the place had its charm. Davis, Darryl Strawberry of the Mets and Chris Brown of the Giants all took aim at the same high fence enclosing the 68th Street playground. They shot for 70th Street, and beyond.

Strawberry recalls, "We had a lot of dreams together," though Davis gently contradicts him. "Some guys have dreams," he says, "but I didn't take baseball that seriously until after I was drafted." The restraint in his voice has been painfully learned. Unchallenged in high

school, Davis stole 50 bases in 50 attempts and sometimes slid only as a courtesy to the catcher. Not only could he do it all, he knew it all. However, he would lose his arrogance in bush stops like Wichita and Denver, shuttling to and from the big leagues for two years. In 1984 an aging Expos player soon to be a youthful Reds manager noticed him at once. "I was playing first base in Montreal," Pete Rose says, "when he fouled a ball straight back that caught some cement or it would have gone all the way out. I thought, 'Damn.'"



Set to uncoil, the Reds' hottest looks beyond the fences



With Strawberry, his old playground companion, last week
Watching good young players grow up.


Still technically a player at 46, Rose begins to cut the full figure of a manager. Although he can activate himself anytime after May 15, it is conceivable that his jersey has already been retired with him in it. "Watching good young players grow up," he says, "is the fun thing about this job." The Reds' passel of young good ones includes Outfielders Kal Daniels and Tracy Jones, Infielders Barry Larkin and Kurt Stillwell and the impeccable relief pitcher John Franco. But every man on the team, including Ramrod Dave Parker, acknowledges that Davis is special. "Someday," says Parker, "he is going to hit 50 home runs and steal 120 bases in the same year."

Making contact was his problem: striking out incessantly got him benched for five weeks last season, but Davis reappeared for the last 93 games to shred the league (.381 in July) with 27 home runs, 71 RBIs and 80 stolen bases. He started not only to invite but to heed Batting Coach Billy DeMars' counsel and also began to grow famous. "He got rid of that 'potential' tag," says Rose, who like Davis lightly noted a record nine straight strikeouts in Houston a few weeks ago because the team still won. Among all his gaudy statistics, runs scored has become Davis' favorite category. "Runs win ball games," he explains. "Eric's a grown-up kid now," says Rose, the only man in the world who can use that phrase without irony.

Davis has a delightful expression of his own. "Anyone can hit a home run," he shrugs. "The part I enjoy the most is running. They say a base runner should learn the pitchers' moves, but if I concentrate on my own moves, I think I can steal on anyone." He sounds confident, not arrogant. A stammer aggravated in the minors is dissipating daily. "The good side of being sent down was that it made me not take anything for granted. It made me work. And if you can deal with rejection, that can make you a better person."

Eric Davis, preferably. References to Mays burden him more than a little, especially at the mass press conferences that have become necessary on the road. "I'd rather not be compared to anybody," he says. "And I especially don't think it's right to be compared to Willie Mays. But sometimes it does make me feel good." They met once, nothing cataclysmic was said. Mays blithely recommended the opposite field. Not long ago, Rose says, "Eric hit the longest opposite field home run I've ever seen. I've never seen a player with more raw talent." Of course, Rose has only been looking for 25 seasons.

—By Tom Callahan



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People



TV or not TV: Sauter at new job

"The least successful anchorperson in the history of commercial broadcasting." That is **Van Gordon Sauter's** professional assessment of his own performance at WHBM in Chicago 13 years ago. He was fired but went on to become president of CBS News. Last September, networks being what they are these days, Sauter was fired again. And now, TV still being what it is, he is back on the air—as a thrice-weekly commentator for the new Fox network's local Los Angeles station, KTTV. "I feel emancipated, exhilarated," says Sauter, who calls CBS a "part of my distant past." Except, of course, for the payout on his contract, which reportedly is at least \$300,000 a year. It bans him from managing offscreen but not from appearing on-screen. Sauter has used his 90-second "personal essays" for an eclectic array of topics, including even a quasi-defense of CBS bosses. The charge that budget cuts will end quality network journalism is "madness," argued Pundit Sauter. The credibility of network news "will be sustained by the new owners if for no other reason than it's good business. And that more than anything else they truly understand."

She brought one of the oldest names in America to the world's oldest profession. Although getting arrested for involvement in prostitution would have finished most Manhattan businesswomen, it was

just the beginning for **Sydney Biddle Barrows**. Since police broke up her ring of hoity-toity tarts three years ago, the "Mayflower Madam" has parlayed a \$5,000 fine into an estimated \$250,000 profit by selling her story. Now Barrows is about to have the pleasure of being portrayed by **Candice**



Old breed: Bergen, Barrows

Bergen in the upcoming CBS-TV movie *Mayflower Madam*. "The thought of playing a prepie madam was irresistible to me," reports Bergen, who even poked into Barrows' closet to check out her wardrobe. The actress is a "quintessential Wasp," observes the prim ex-madam. "So few actresses have that." Barrows' only reservation is that "she's so beautiful.

When people meet me, they're going to say, 'You're not as pretty as in the movie.' There really is no justice.

Thirty years ago, **Roger Vadim** created *And God Created Woman* and created **Brigitte Bardot**. Now the French director has seen fit to update his classic handiwork. The man who made stars—and conquests—of such leading ladies as Bardot, **Catherine Deneuve** and **Jane Fonda** has just finished an identically titled 1980s version that is the "same idea," he says, but the "heroine is different." Juliette, the saucy French hedonist, has become Robin Shay, an aspiring American musician. She "believes in her freedom over everything," says **Rebecca De Mornay**, 24, who plays the part. "And she's afraid of the intimacy that goes with having a loving man." Explains Vadim, 59: "Brigitte played an instinctive, sensuous woman, and she was doing things that at the time were a little scandalous—things that would be totally normal today." In other words, the locale may have shifted from St. Tropez to Santa Fe, but au naturel remains de rigueur.

When Butch Sundance and the rest of the Hole in the Wall Gang found themselves



New breed: Vadim, De Mornay

in need of a little cash, they made their charitable appeals with the help of six-shooters. So when **Paul Newman** found himself needing a lot more cash for his planned Hole in the Wall Gang Camp, he just naturally drew on one of the big guns of the financial world. Newman teamed up with **Armand Hammer** in New York City last week at a charity exhibit that raised \$100,000 for the 300-acre recreational facility for terminally ill children. Newman has assigned a chunk of the profits from his popcorn, salad-dressing and spaghetti-sauce business to the Connecticut camp, but by law he can provide only 50% of the \$10 million needed. The rest must come from other sources like Hammer. The octogenarian oil tycoon and art collector started things off by pledging 5% of revenues from a special sale of such masters as **Chagall**, **Degas** and **Dali** and by giving six Arabian horses for the campers to ride. Newman was delighted, but he still had a Butch Cassidy-like glint in his blue eyes. If he gets the rest of the dough, he promised (and warned), "this will spare us the annual fund-raising galas, dinners and terrible movies which I usually provide." —**By Guy D. Garcia. Reported by David E. Thigpen/ New York**



Rustling for a good cause: Hammer and Newman with Dali painting in New York City

Living

Finally, Let There Be Legs!

A sassy souvenir from the '60s sparks the fashion industry

Is there anyone out there who thinks miniskirts were buried in the 1960s, along with pillbox hats and macrame belts? No way. All by its sassy self, the mighty mini has suddenly jumped to the fore of today's fashion scene. Dressed up in a variety of guises—bubbled, tubed, tiered and flounced—the thoroughly modern mini is competing hard with the billowy, prodigious shin-length skirts of the past few years. "Suddenly everybody is talking and worrying about it," says Italian Couturier Valentino. "That means the mini is here to stay."

With the first touch of warm weather, the mini has sprouted throughout the Sun-belt. Sightings of audacious creatures with never-ending legs have occurred in Southern California, Texas and Florida, while

in New York City and Chicago, spangled and poufed little nighttime numbers are hitting the dance floors. Unlike the brassy '60s mini, these sporty skirts are practicing a subtle restraint. In fact, many of those for daytime wear are just knee skimmers, and even the more risqué are hiked but a few inches above the knee. Designer Donna Karan insists that none of her short skirts should be sold without opaque stockings to lengthen the look: "I have addressed the leg. I haven't left women hanging, wondering, 'What do I do with the leg?'"

There will be few microminis, those brazen bumper stickers that show nothing but the leg and require a companion-bodyguard to be worn safely. "The new minis are not thigh-high, the kind where

if you drop a quarter on the ground, you have to leave it there," says Lynn Schnurnberger, author of the upcoming *Let There Be Clothes: 40,000 Years of Fashion Unveiled*. "This batch didn't come from a revolutionary, free-sex period. They are cool, pretty, definitely not overly suggestive."

If the modern mini is not as short, it also is not as structured. "In the '60s women had cookie-cutter dresses. They were all A-lines, and the women looked like paper dolls cut in a row," says Designer Carolyne Roehm, who ships her minis to the stores considerably longer than those worn by her models. However, she jokes about "putting a note in every garment saying, 'I suggest that you will feel infinitely younger if you shorten this four inches.'"

Surely denim in L.A.; dotted ruffles with matching collar by Scherrer; dancing tube and flamboyant flounce by Jean-Paul Gaultier, Valentino and Cliff Boone



Why the hemline hike in 1987? For starters, the modern woman who spends ten hours a week in the gym sculpting her legs with weights and aerobics wants to display the hard-earned results. "Usually a woman's leg is the last part of the body to go," observes the practical Calvin Klein. "There's a big change in the air about sexy, young clothes for the modern women of any age." If minis represent a middle-aged woman's best hope for a sexy look, they also provide fresh new ammo for leggy female yuppies confronting the much publicized man shortage. For still others, they are a simple backlash against man-tailored suits and dress-for-success drabs. Valentino waxes philosophical. "We live today in a very difficult world," he observes. "Women have to make an effort to look more happy, more smiling. It is a social step, not a fashion trick."

If the summer promises lissome beauties basking in appreciative male glances, it will also deliver the "fashion victims," as *Women's Wear Daily* calls those socialites who swallow the season's fashion feed regardless of what flatters them. "Some women who buy miniskirts surprise me," says Sheila Shahraies, a saleswoman at Ultimode, a pricey leather shop in Los Angeles. "They look terrible, but

they want to be in fashion." There may be no quick solution for the thick-thighed, but the weak-kneed are seeking help. This year, in response to the short skirts, cosmetic surgeons report an increased interest in knee jobs, or liposuction operations, averaging \$1,500 and up to remove the saggy fat.

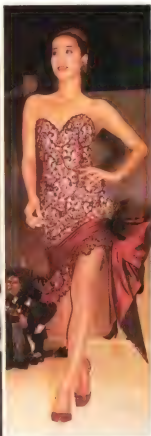
Still, many wary, independent women, conditioned to comfort dressing by the Reebok revolution, are apparently determined to defy the tyranny of dictatorial designers and the fashion press. They are not about to attack closets with scissors to slice off their precious collection of skirts. "There is something elegant about a hint of knee or a hint of ankle," says one Chicago socialite who has legs worth flaunting, "but there is absolutely nothing elegant about an expanse of thigh. Women are comfortable in their long skirts. Who wants to think about how they cross their legs or walk up steps?" Adds Sally White, director of public relations for Neiman-Marcus in Atlanta: "You go back and look at the movies made in the '60s. Nobody sat down."

How the mini will fare in the office, among yuppies not known for frivolity, is a legitimate question. "A woman in the

record industry wearing a miniskirt is one thing, but a woman district attorney pleading her case in the courtroom is another," says Sylvia Percelay, a designer at Bullock's in California. A bit defensively, designers insist that strong-shouldered jackets will instill the image of serious intelligence, despite the drafty little skirts. Few women buy that. "Power shoulders, power lunches maybe, but not power flesh," says Linda Aronson, 28, a marketing executive on Wall Street who will save her skimpy skirts for weekends. Perennial Model Cheryl Tiegs, 39, has hiked her skirts six inches above the knee, but totes a precautionary cover-up. That is a lesson learned from the '60s, when she was invited to dinner at a posh restaurant: "The maitre d' wouldn't let me sit at the table because of my mini. I ended up eating with my coat on."

As for the mini's role on television and the possible return of another '60s fad, hot pants, *Dynasty* Designer Nolan Miller says with a smile, "I can only remember what Bette Davis said on a late-night talk show: 'In my day, hot pants were something women had, not wore.'" There is surely wisdom in age.

—By Martha Swilg
Reported by Barbara Goldberg/New York and D. Blake Haskane/Los Angeles



A sexy split mini checks out Rodeo Drive; in Dallas, a frisky pony-hide shorts stops traffic; Bob Mackie wraps a runway model in evening wear

Show Business

Wanna Buy a Revolution?

The Beatles shill for sneaks as Mad. Ave. rocks out

Five months ago Nike had some new shoes. All it needed was a way to launch them. First came a tag line: "Revolution in Motion." Then, according to Kevin Brown, Nike's director of corporate communications, "another brain wave struck—using the Beatles classic *Revolution*, music that best epitomizes the concept, to help make our point."

The Beatles had never been heard in a commercial before, although *Help!* was performed by a sound-alike group in a 1985 Lincoln-Mercury spot. Says Kelley Stout, an account executive at Wieden & Kennedy, who helped work out the ad campaign: "We never considered sound-alikes. We're baby boomers too. This is our music. In our minds, it was the Beatles or no one." After some ticklish negotiations and two large payments, it was the Beatles singing and playing for Nike-Air shoes. No getting around it: Nike has brought the current craze for rock commercials to a benchmark and made a bit of pop history as well.

John Lennon was using reflexive radicalism to have a little sport when he wrote this song in 1968. He wasn't promoting revolution at the time—or sportswear at any time. Photographed on jumpy, grainy black-and-white tinted Super 8, edited to look at first like some family-heirloom home movie but in fact adeptly synced to the hard rhythms of the song, the Nike spot rousing shows several pros (including John McEnroe and Michael Jordan) and lots of gleeful amateurs working themselves into sweaty transports of athletic fulfillment. "We tried to make a kind of radical sports documentary," says Paula Greif, who produced and directed the spot with her partner Peter Kagan. "It's about emotional moments." For nostalgists, Beatles fans or anyone else who takes rock as seriously as, say, Lennon or Paul McCartney, the ad's most emotional moment may be hearing *Revolution*'s ferocious guitars at the service of salesmanship.

Ad people consider the commercial a dazzler and the use of the Beatles a clear coup. "It's an interesting development," comments Stephen Novick, a production director at Grey Advertising, "and a very, very powerful tool." Others express some doubts. John Doig, a creative director at Manhattan's Ogilvy & Mather, remembers the days of anti-Viet Nam demon-

strations with "bloody police truncheons coming down and *Revolution* playing in the background. What that song is saying is a damned sight more important than flogging running shoes." "Music is replete with the meaning of the time," reflects Marshall Blonsky, a professor of semiotics at New York City's New School for Social Research. "Beatles music has to do with revolt, but the fitness game isn't revolutionary, it's conformism. The commercial's an attempt by advertisers to appropriate the missing past."

McCartney and George Harrison have



not commented on the commercial flap, but Yoko Ono had a statement issued that said in part, "Yoko doesn't want to see John defied. She likes the idea that [the commercial] is making John's music accessible to a new generation." Ringo Starr is currently appearing on-camera in a wine-cooler commercial, but even if he and the others objected to use of the song, they would have no legal recourse. They do not own the rights to their Beatles music. Master rights (that is, rights to use the song as recorded by the Beatles) are controlled by Capitol Records in North America and EMI in the rest of the world. Publishing rights—in effect, permission to use the song—are now controlled by SBK Songs on behalf of Michael Jackson. He successfully bid \$47.5 million against McCartney, among others, for ATV Music when it became available in 1985; ATV's catalog included 251 Beatles tunes. Nike paid the

record companies an estimated \$250,000 for a year's use of *Revolution* and a similar amount to SBK.

"We're not beating every cent out of the catalog," insists Pat Lucas, director of West Coast operations for SBK, who adds that after turning down some 20 copyright requests (with a potential value of a "few million dollars"), she and Jackson "sat down to decide which songs he would consider usable. His love for a song was the main criterion. He'd never use *Eleanor Rigby* or *The Fool on the Hill*. Those songs touched him in a different place, and besides, I can't imagine a suitable tie-in." They came up, Lucas says, with a list of "only 40 you'll ever possibly see in an ad. *All Together Now*, *Good Morning, Good Morning*..."

Even for performers who do not own publishing companies, rock can be a straight business deal. Jackson, of course, fired up the rock-ad trend by bopping through his own Pepsi commercials. Phil Collins and Genesis look delighted singing out for Michelob. Randy Newman, whose tunes have been used to hype Ford, NutraSweet and Nike, draws the line at booze commercials but says, "Music isn't sacred. Rock 'n' roll isn't intrinsically holier than the advertising industry." Beach Boys songs have gone to everyone from Lincoln-Mercury (*Wouldn't It Be Nice*) to Sunkist soft drinks (*Good Vibrations*); although Lead Singer Mike Love is miffed that the group has never been asked to sing for the ads. "We'd be very willing to do commercials, provided they didn't hype toxic waste or nuclear plants, whiskey or cigarettes," he says. "But if a company is selling Hide-a-Beds and is willing to part with

lots of dinero, why not?" Well, now. There are some people for whom rock is not just a diversion or a vocation, or even just a personal expression. It is a lifeline. "My songs," says John Cougar Mellencamp, "weren't written to sell products." Chrysler wanted Bruce Springsteen for a major campaign and floated an offer estimated at \$12 million and counting. Springsteen responded as he always does to such propositions: he refused even to discuss it. When he sang, in *Badlands*, "I believe in the faith that can save me," Springsteen was summoning up the spiritual power of rock. John Lennon held to the same articles of faith. Mark David Chapman killed him. But it took a couple of record execs, one sneaker company and a soul brother to turn him into a jingle writer.

—By Jay Cocks

Reported by Elizabeth L. Bland/New York and Elaine Dutka/Los Angeles

Books

A Little Downside Sabbatical

A WOMAN NAMED DROWN by Padgett Powell
Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 179 pages; \$14.95

The perils of first novelists have been widely, even lugubriously described. The typical sad story can be summarized with dispatch: unresponsive agents, inattentive publishers, small printings, nonexistent publicity, scattered reviews, laughable sales. Sometimes, though, this scenario breaks down. A few first novels are rapturously received, their authors transformed overnight from supplicants to stars. Then, amid the giddiness of recognition, the problem of the second novelist attacks in its most intimidating strain. What to do for an encore is one symptom, but there is worse: the knowledge that the next book, unlike the first, will have the power to disappoint a lot of people.

Author Padgett Powell, 35, has weathered this ordeal nicely. To be sure, a few readers will complain that his second novel fails to live up to the promise of *Edisto*, which drew raves and comparisons to *Huckleberry Finn* and *The Catcher in the Rye* when it appeared in 1984. *A Woman Named Drown* is not going to remind anyone of *Anna Karenina*. On the other hand, Powell's new book picks up smoothly where its predecessor left off, which is not, given the level of skills evident throughout *Edisto*, a bad place to begin.

Instead of a twelve-year-old growing up on a marshy island off the South Carolina coast, the hero-narrator this time is a graduate student working toward his Ph.D. in inorganic chemistry in Tennessee. His first name seems to be Al, and the subject of his jottings, which make up this book, is the remarkable change he experiences after receiving a letter from his girlfriend of six years, who is doing postdoctoral work in Norway. "letting me know in the subtlest, happiest way imaginable that I would not be joining her there as we had planned upon completion of my degree." Being jilted is nothing new, as nearly everyone who has ever lived could testify, but Al takes a laboratory technician's interest in his own ensuing depression. He quits graduate school and renounces all plans for his future, meanwhile recording the relevant data of his rebellion: "So what I started that day was apparently a series of impulses which qualified for my interest if I could detect no point in them at all."

He happily subjects himself to a "continuum of nuttiness." He finds work at a tent factory ("I felt fine, a fine idiot doing a fine idiot job") and begins frequenting Bilbo's Bar, Gym & Grill, sparring occasionally, drinking a lot and hanging out with folks "who are anything but custodians of their chances in life." The first hint that all this aimlessness may be leading him somewhere comes when he moves in with Mary Constance Baker, an older woman, amateur actress and local celebrity, best known for her starring role in a

play called *A Woman Named Drown*. In fact, this performance has given her the urge to get away for a while; after playing a woman accused of sleeping with a black, Mary thinks some of her Knoxville neighbors have started to harbor the same suspicion about her. Before long, Mary gives Al all of her late husband Stump's golfing togs, packs him into her Mercury and takes off for Florida.

"Me and Stump believed in a different kind of Florida," she tells him, and the actress and her young charge stay pretty far off the beaten path. "We took a room in a place called *Hotel* that had no desk, no desk clerk, no keys, no locks on doors. Rooms were open for a kind of self-registering. The procedure was to sleep and pay later." They spend long, leisurely spells watching migrant workers and take in such sights as "Chico's Monkey Emporium, Floyd's Go-Cart Royale, a Hep-Ur-Sef station, the Daytona Pamplona (a Cuban disco, we think)." Eventually Mary tells Al that their time together is over: "She was closing a very successful road show and meant for us, as actors, to move on."

The hero's addled odyssey is by no means over, but its purpose by this time has become clear. Powell performs some extremely deft and tricky variations on a plot that is as old as fiction itself: the education of a young man on the open road. Taking a "little downside sabbatical" from his lockstep life so far, Al learns to appreciate "the beauty of failure, the glory of the fancy end run around importance." He becomes a connoisseur of "lateral waste." And he arrives back where he started a mildly wiser fellow: "There is room in this world for either a whole lot of coincidence or a whole lot of design, call it what you will."

But the moral is by no means the whole point of this story. *A Woman Named Drown* is extravagantly comic, an exercise in word spinning for the sheer uncertainty and pleasure of what might pop out next. Perhaps it is the woman who buys a blouse with sleeves too long and looks, in consequence, like a "rayon ape." Maybe it is the hero's dipsomaniacal mother, who takes another drink, "which she bites down on like a snake volunteering venom into a toxin funnel." One of Al's insights runs as follows: "It seems to me that people are ready to hear things never heard before so long as they are not frightened by their physical safety or worried that listening may cost them money." There is a price on this novel, but it will not harm a soul.

—By Paul Gray

Excerpt

“The watering woman and I had fully explored the dynamic of stranger-to-stranger waving ... On a Monday she'd give me a haggard little gesture from very near her hip ... and I'd return in kind ... By Wednesday she'd be offering more arm, more motion, with loose-wristed familiarity and a smile. By Friday we were at a quantum ledge of hand semaphore: she waved like a relative down at the docks to greet the ocean liner I was on.”



"20 extra lbs. around my waist were knocking the daylights out of my feet."



"Dr. Scholl's Insoles made me feel lighter the very first day."

Those extra pounds creep right up on you. And your burning, aching feet know it. Because with every step, your feet hit the ground with an impact twice your entire body weight. 20 extra pounds can feel like 40 to your feet. No wonder it hurts to walk.

Extra pressure causes your feet to spread.

Extra pressure causes the tissues on the bottoms of your feet, your natural shock absorbers, to flatten out. Which creates painful pressure on your feet. And when your feet hurt, you hurt all over. Your knees, hips, back and neck feel the jolt of every step. You start finding ways to avoid walking. A problem, since most doctors recommend walking as an important aid in losing weight. Nobody understands this better than Dr. Scholl's.

Layer of protection absorbs shock.

Dr. Scholl's has the special DS6 air-compression process that provides shock-absorbing protection and cushioning comfort in one thin insole. So the insoles help take the pounding instead of your feet.

Results are instant.

You'll feel like you're walking on air. Because you are. Millions of tiny air bubbles massage tired, pressured feet, energizing you from the ground up. Visit the yellow Dr. Scholl's display and select the insoles that are right for you. Dr. Scholl's can't help you lose those extra pounds but they'll take the pressure off your feet.



Litcom

THE BELLES LETTRES PAPERS

by Charles Simmons

Morrow; 175 pages; \$12.95

"I am as accessible to the humblest... book reviewer as I am to my immediate entourage." That is how Lord Copper, proprietor of the London *Daily Beast*, saw the hierarchy of the press in Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop*. A half-century later, Charles Simmons may have trouble getting past the lowliest editorial assistant at the New York *Times Book Review*, where he spent 33 years as an editor. His latest novel, which caused a few clucks when it was excerpted pseudonymously in the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, is a farce about office politics at a Manhattan literary magazine.

Simmons (*Powdered Eggs, Wrinkles*) uses the broad strokes of Restoration comedy to distance the new book from his former employer. Surnames of staff members on the influential weekly *Belles Lettres* derive from the nomenclature of publishing and typography. Among the arcana: Jonathan Margin, Virginia Wrappers, Claire Tippin, Lou Bodoni, Xavier Deekle, Ellie Bellyband and Sylvia Topstain.

Frank Page is the upstanding young editor who narrates the novel, an account of the workings of *Belles Lettres* from its beginnings as the plaything of the rich and cultivated Winifred Buckram to its present as a property of Protean Publications, whose owner, Cyrus Tooling, is less cultivated. His response to the journal's list of 25 important American writers: "Who the [] is Harold Brodkey? And where the [] is Herman Wouk?"

Equally frisky are Simmons' descriptions of *Belles Lettres*' book conferences (Norman Mailer's *Ancient Evenings* is presented as "the Old Testament written by Mel Brooks, the 'Book of the Dead' by Henry Miller, the *Iliad* by Woody Allen, the head of Nefertiti by Red Grooms"), an intraoffice scandal about an aging office boy who enriches himself by selling review copies as well as slots on the best-seller list, and a Shakespeare hoax that brings down the magazine's lowbrow chief, Newbold Press. Simmons demonstrates his versatility by composing nine "lost" sonnets by the Bard.

The *Belles Lettres Papers*, Simmons' parting shot, should stir up the small world of gentlemanly journalism, although one might ask: How closely related is the author to his narrator? "Nobody could possibly confuse me with Frank Page," says the author. "He is loyal, wise and discreet."

—By R.Z. Sheppard



Simmons

REP. ALBERTO GUTMAN: Florida Legislator, Businessman,
Husband, Member of the National Rifle Association.

"Being from a country that was once a democracy and turned communist, I really feel I know what the right to bear arms is all about. In Cuba, where I was born, the first thing the communist government did was take away everybody's firearms, leaving them defenseless and intimidated with fear. That's why our constitutional right to bear arms is so important to our country's survival.

"As a legislator I have to deal with reality. And the reality is that gun control does not work. It actually eliminates the rights of the law-abiding citizen, not the criminal. Criminals will always have guns, and they won't follow gun control laws anyway. I would like to see tougher laws on criminals as opposed to tougher laws on legitimate gun owners. We need to attack the problem of crime at its roots, instead of blaming crime on gun ownership and citizens who use them lawfully.

"It's a big responsibility that we face retaining the right to bear arms.

That's why I joined the NRA. The NRA is instrumental in protecting these freedoms. It helps train and educate people, supporting legislation that benefits not only those who bear arms but all citizens of the United States. The NRA helps keep America free."

I'm the NRA.



The NRA's lobbying organization, the Institute for Legislative Action, is the nation's largest and most influential protector of the constitutional right to keep and bear arms.

At every level of government and through local grassroots efforts, the Institute guards against infringement upon the freedoms of law-abiding gun owners. If you would like to join the NRA or want more information about our programs and benefits, write J. Warren Cassidy, Executive Vice President, P.O. Box 37484, Dept. AG-27, Washington, D.C. 20013.

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The Man's Diamond.



It finally happened. We faced each other in court. I told the judge my case was airtight. She told him it didn't hold water. She won. I told her I was glad she was on my side in everything else. I said, "How about a partnership?" She said, "We already have one." Then she handed me a man's diamond. Well, counselor, win or lose, I guess it's how you play the game.



The diamond rings, cufflinks and tie tack shown here are just a few of the exciting new designs in men's accessories.

For more men's gift ideas, send for our complete booklet, "The Man's Diamond. The State of the Art," a 16-page collection of the latest in men's diamond jewelry. Just send \$1.25 to Diamond Information Center, Department DFM-LY7-T, P.O. Box 1844, New York, N.Y. 10105-1344.

The Man's Diamond.
The gift of success.

Bookends

BEVERLY

by Beverly Sills and Lawrence Linderman; Bantam; 356 pages; \$19.95



Her backstage friends call her Bubbles, and by now everyone knows why. The effervescent soprano made her arias appear effortless; the years of striving before she became an overnight star at 37, the tribulations and ironies of

raising a deaf daughter, the difficulties of administering the New York City Opera were kept in the wings. All the public saw was a golden diva with a smile they could pour on a waffle. But Beverly Sills is 57, as she is the first to admit, and in her twinkling autobiography she is ready for revelations. She brings back the days of doing Progresso commercials on TV, catalogs the hilarities and humiliations of auditions, repeats Arthur Godfrey's introduction on *Talent Scouts* ("Vickie Lynn [her stage name then] is a beautiful girl with mounds of auburn hair and two of everything she needs"), recalls the anti-Semitism of her husband's friends, and displays some heated ego in an exchange with Sir Rudolf Bing, who had prevented her appearance at the Metropolitan Opera. Bing: "Not every great singer can sing at the Met." Bubbles: "Not every great singer wants to." Nor can every great singer walk away from \$7.5 million worth of bookings in order to retire, then take over a troubled opera company and make it lively and profitable. Sills concludes with an odd admission: "Unemployment still scares the daylight out of me." It is a state she is never likely to experience.

INDIAN COUNTRY

by Philip Caputo
Bantam; 419 pages; \$18.95



Chris Starkmann went to Viet Nam as innocent as the narrator of *Platoon*. In this powerful novel, the veteran bitterly recalls the death wish of Ulysses: "Would God I, too, had died there. . . I should have had a soldier's burial and praise." Instead, the madness acquired 14 years earlier has been carried home, slowly eroding his marriage, his job and his life. A soldier is most vulnerable when he feels safest, he drunkenly repeats, and in the rough country of Michigan's Upper Peninsula, where people have "no possibilities, no place to go," Chris comes to believe he has stumbled onto enemy ground. He turns his property into a deadly perimeter, rigging it like a minefield for a final conflagration that will burn away his nightmares. In his fourth book, Pulitzer-prizewinning Journalist Philip Caputo, a Marine veter-

an of the Viet Nam War, conveys the bare emotions of a soldier fallen out of season with himself, as well as the harshness of life in America's northern wilderness. There, even nature offers little solace: the aurora borealis, a ghostly disturbance flickering in the sky, appears as a "mock sun" that offers light but no heat.

A LIFE IN MOVIES

by Michael Powell
Knopf; 705 pages; \$24.95



Michael Powell has not directed a feature film in almost 20 years. Today he is known chiefly to buffs, although his varied oeuvre with longtime Collaborator Emeric Pressburger includes the beloved ballet movie *The Red Shoes*; a wry Highlands romance, *I Know Where I'm Going*; and sophisticated war dramas like *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*. His career spanned a half-century from the silents to the Hollywood of Francis Coppola, at whose studios he wrote much of *A Life in Movies*. Powell, 81, has aptly described the autobiography as "Proustian"; one anecdote or observation inevitably reminds him of another, often decades distant, and he tumbles headlong after each. But this book is slyly and densely constructed, not just chatty. Whether Powell is recalling boyhood horsemanship or explaining how to "double" for an absent leading man through six weeks of exterior shooting, he proves a natural storyteller—vivid, instructive and, above all, charming.

THE ANNOTATED INNOCENCE OF FATHER BROWN

Edited by Martin Gardner
Oxford; 274 pages; \$18.95



Today's clerical sleuths, from snooping vicars to rabbis who slept late, all tumble from the hassock of Father Brown, G.K. Chesterton's droll, squinting priest who first tumbled onto the scene of the crime almost 80 years ago. The clergyman's enduring appeal lies in an outward innocence and, thanks to the confessional, a profound familiarity with the crooks and nannies of human depravity. The stories remain as wise and engaging as the day they were created. But many references were obscure until this delightful annotation by Science Writer Martin Gardner, who clarifies "The Ethics of Eiland" and explains the uses of Hartlepool, Gladstone collars, towel horses. En route he entertains an intriguing theory: Sherlock Holmes, according to Doyle's canon, performed vital secret tasks for the Vatican. There must have been a go-between. . . Is it possible Gardner has revealed Father Brown's greatest secret? ■

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Cinema



Warriors: Beatty, Hoffman and Adjani take aim in the desert

They Got What They Wanted

ISHTAR Directed and Written by Elaine May

Like Webster's Dictionary, we're Morocco bound. That lyric, warbled by Hope and Crosby as they jounced along one of their more amiable roads back in 1942, is outrageous enough to have been penned by Rogers and Clarke, the comically dreadful songwriting team played by Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman in *Ishtar*. The two pictures share similarities besides their North African setting: agreeably low-keyed playing by their stars, a plot that involves them dangerously in local politics, and about the same quota of gags. There is one important difference: *Ishtar* cost roughly 40 times as much as *Road to Morocco*. Laughter can choke on such wretched excess.

The auteur of *Ishtar* the movie is film's shyest comic talent, Elaine May. The auteur of *Ishtar* the event (or would-be event) is the medium's shyest—but also slyest—actor-producer, Warren Beatty. It is important to keep those functions separate in mind. Otherwise it is hard to enjoy either the film or the media outcry that any overbudget, long-delayed (six months) production is bound to engender.

May is a woman who makes wallflower movies like *The Heartbreak Kid* and *A New Leaf*, whose fine individual qualities are overlooked by the great, noisy media bash of the age: Beatty is, of course, a man in whose career-drama the actual movies he stars in are merely incidents. In a daringly speculative new book, *Warren Beatty and Desert Eyes* (Doubleday, \$17.95), Critic David Thomson puts it this way: Beatty's ambition now is "to see if he can be only a star—not a star kept alight by regular work and appearance, but a star who ex-

ists according to the self-perpetuating mechanics of stardom." In this grand scheme, his notoriety as a womanizer is of small consequence—a titillating false trail to keep the gossip press yapping. So is acting, at least in the conventional sense of the word. Performing is something that Beatty, whom Thomson calls a man "doubting and growing querulous ... at the advisability of the whole pretense," must infrequently and reluctantly do in order to secure a larger, much more complex and devious aim.

This goal is to see if he can turn movie production into a form of seduction, in which large, supposedly rational corporations are encouraged to spend bloated sums of money for unlikely enterprises. Five years ago, Paramount and Barclays Bank parted with not less than \$40 million to make *Reds*, an epic-scale love story of two American radicals of small historical importance and no contemporary resonance. Now he has persuaded Columbia Pictures to throw a similar sum at this modest little comedy.

To be sure, May has sent her plot sense out for assertiveness training. One recognizes her terrible songsters as authentic May characters: she has always had compassion for articulate, depressed dreamers grounded in reality only by two left feet. With visions of Simon and Garfunkel galumphing through their minds, the Rogers and Clarke duo have been sent by their agent to try out their new lounge act—as far out of town as possible. In *Ishtar*, they get muddled up with Isabelle Adjani, whom they both mistake for a boy at first: a CIA operative (Charles Grodin) who is not nearly so smooth a counterrevolutionary as he thinks he is, and a blind camel that

provides the film with its best running—actually stumbling—gag.

This may sound like a sweaty hubbub, one of those desperately contrived comedies that want to have their overproduced action sequences and devour them satirically too. But May is a writer of scripts that are all sneaky asides, no obvious zingers allowed. She is not one to let her voice be drowned out by either a lot of exploding hardware or the buzz about *Ishtar*'s delays and cost overruns. One finally cannot resist warming to a movie in which people are astonished to find out that Gaddafi is the name of a man not a country but are strangely gratified to learn that vultures, like tyro songwriters, work "on spec." And that contains, above all, a golden trashery of dreadful pop lyrics ("There's a wardrobe of love in my eyes. Come back and see if there's something your size").

One can almost hear the practiced seducer's rationalization: "What's the harm? Everyone got what they wanted, didn't they?" Heaven help us; it's close to being true. May, whose painstaking ways and modest grosses do not usually commend her to the studios, gets to work in something near her best-vein. Hoffman has a role nicely suited to the comic whine of his neuroses. Beatty, 50, has one in which his distracted air and his lack of traditional star presence can be made to look like modesty—though at his age, his looks are no longer flawlessly tailored to his boyish manner. Thomson has an occasion for his book and a confirmation of his imagination.



Songsters: the boys behind the mike

tive insights into the star's character.

The rest of us can enjoy a movie that is reasonably genial and diverting. At a cost of \$10 million or \$15 million, it might have made the studio happy. But even the misery of its unrecouped costs is cushioned, the management that initiated the project has been replaced, and the new team can cheerfully disown it. And the Great Seducer skips off to the next bed—er—boardroom.

—By Richard Schickel



Eight men: When they took the stand, the conscience of the country was on trial.

CONSPIRACY: THE TRIAL OF THE CHICAGO 8



Starring
Peter Boyle
Robert Carradine
Elliott Gould
Robert Loggia



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Music

Portrait of the Artist, with Smudges

In a new biography, Leonard Bernstein gets the celeb treatment

In 1943, at the age of 25, Leonard Bernstein made a spectacular debut with the New York Philharmonic, substituting at the last minute for ailing Conductor Bruno Walter. Bernstein found himself on the front pages the next day, and ever since he has been one of the most prominent figures on the American musical scene. Familiar to millions from his lectures and performances on television, renowned as the composer of *West Side Story*, hailed as a formidable interpreter of Beethoven and Mahler, Bernstein may be the most protean talent and the most celebrated conductor America has yet produced.

Now he may be the most controversial as well. Joan Peyser's *Bernstein: A Biography* (Morrow; \$22.95), published this week, has been causing ripples of rumor and anticipation in the music world for months. A wide-ranging examination of the composer-conductor's life, works and milieu, it tackles such touchy subjects as Bernstein's Jewishness, his support for left-wing causes and, in what is surely the book's most provocative allegation, his bisexuality.

Peyser, former editor of the *Musical Quarterly* and author of an earlier warts-and-all biography of Composer-Conductor Pierre Boulez, professes to admire the manifest gifts of Bernstein the musician, but clearly she finds Bernstein the man repugnant. How else to account for incident after unpalatable incident that depicts him in the most unflattering light? Here he is, sharing a panel in Minneapolis and expounding publicly on a well-known colleague's adult circumcision. Here he is



The maestro in repose: Does an artist's life explain his work?

at a party at Indiana University in 1982, obscenely serenading the dean of the music school.

And despite his 1951 marriage to Actress Felicia Montealegre Cohn (whom he temporarily abandoned for a male lover two years before her death in 1978) and their three children, here is his involvement in classical music's homosexual subculture. Bernstein's predilections have never been secret in the gossip music world. But those who were surprised at the disclosure that Rock Hudson was gay will no doubt be shocked by Peyser's identification of Bernstein, Composer Aaron Copland, the late Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos and others as homosexuals.

What, however, has this to do with art? The sprawling, sometimes rambling narrative indulges in an uncomfortable

amount of kitchen psychoanalysis ("The only thing that can explain this man, with his chain smoking, pills, liquor, insomnia, and need for crowds, is incredible pain") in arguing that Bernstein's background

has forged the schizoid musician, from slick tunesmith to Leonine conductor, that he has become. In Peyser's view—formed with the partial cooperation of Bernstein, who gave her permission to use some personal letters—the works of the artist cannot be understood without taking into account the character of the man.

Perhaps. But eccentricity often accompanies creativity, even genius. Brahms frequented prostitutes. Liszt cut a Byronic swath through the women of 19th-century Europe. All three of Wagner's children by Liszt's illegitimate daughter Cosima were conceived while she was still married to her first husband. Mussorgsky was a dipsomaniac and Tchaikovsky a homosexual. All these composers were able to transcend their personal difficulties to create great art; those searching for moral paradigms had better look elsewhere.

The real problem with Bernstein lies not in the shambles of his private life but in the deterioration of his creative side. On the podium, with his exaggerated gestures and lugubrious tempos, he has become a parody of himself. As a composer, he has squandered the brilliant promise of *West Side Story* and the ballet *Fancy Free* on the embarrassing bathos of the 1971 theater piece *Mass* and his 1983 opera *A Quiet Place*. The unsavory life of the man chronicled in Peyser's portrait of the artist is almost irrelevant to the greater tragedy of the composer. Wealthy, acclaimed, esteemed, he and his reputation will survive this biography. Still, Bernstein is likely to go into the history books with an asterisk after his name, one that signifies. What if...? —By Michael Walsh

Glitz on The Nile

Move over, Zeffirelli. For a \$10 million staging of Verdi's *Aida* this month, Egyptian-born Impresario Fawzi Mitwali rejected sets for the real thing: the Temple of Luxor on the site of ancient Thebes. Besides Tenor Plácido Domingo, opening night featured the 525-member Arena di Verona Opera Company, 180 Egyptian soldiers and 200 extras tramping down the Avenue of the Sphinxes.

More than 4,000 of the glit-



All the King's horses, all the King's men: Aida in Luxor

terati paid up to \$600 a ticket. But the echoing acoustics proved atrocious ("double Domingo," cracked one listener). Just 14,000 tickets were sold for the other nine performances (the tenor sang only the premiere), leaving Mitwali in debt. The extravaganza was staged over the initial objections of Muslim fundamentalists and Egyptian antiquities officials, who feared the vibrations and crowds might damage the monuments. Still, Domingo says he hopes to return some day to sing Saint-Saëns' *Samson et Dalila*. Now that will put the ruins to the test.

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Milestones

EXPECTING. **Mariel Hemingway**, 25, lissome actress (*Manhattan*, *Personal Best*, *Star 80*) and granddaughter of Novelist Ernest Hemingway, and her husband **Stephen Crisman**, 37, who supervises Sam's Cafe, the couple's fashionable New York City restaurant: their first child; in December.

EXPECTING. **Sally Field**, 40, pert television actress (*Gidget*, *The Flying Nun*) and two-time Oscar-winning movie star (*Norma Rae*, *Places in the Heart*), and her husband Movie Producer **Alan Grelsman**, 39: their first child; in December. Field has two children from a previous marriage.

INDICTED. **Ricky L. Gates**, 32, engineer of the Conrail locomotives that collided with an Amtrak passenger train in Maryland last January, killing 16 and injuring 175, the worst wreck in Amtrak's history; on 16 counts of manslaughter, punishable by up to five years in prison and a \$1,000 fine on each count; in Towson, Md.

CONVICTED. **Steven Bowman**, 27, and **Darren Norman**, 20, of assault, after being charged with slashing the face of Model Marla Hanson, 25, last June at the behest of her former landlord, Makeup Artist Steven Roth, 28, who was convicted of assault last December; in New York City. Roth, upset by Hanson's refusal to date him and by her demand that he return her \$850 apartment deposit, had promised Bowman and Norman an apartment as payment for their crime. All three men face up to 15 years in prison.

DIED. **David Hefner**, 38, AIDS sufferer whose request to renew his marriage vows to his wife Maria at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City, her "dream" church, was initially rebuffed last January because his condition was "life threatening," but then, after protests by civil rights and church activists, was granted in February; in New York City.

DIED. **Paul Butterfield**, 44, innovative harmonica player of the 1960s and co-founder of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, which helped introduce city blues to rock audiences; of undetermined causes; in Los Angeles. The band backed Bob Dylan when he used an electric guitar, a controversial move, at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival, but became celebrated in its own right for cleverly merging blues, rock, folk and jazz themes.

DIED. **Stewart B. McKinney**, 56, nine-term moderate Republican Congressman from Connecticut; from a bacterial infection brought on by AIDS, which his physician said was contracted from blood transfusions during multiple-bypass heart surgery in 1979; in Washington. The Washington Post said that McKinney, the first member of Congress known to have died from AIDS, had homosexual relationships; his wife declined to comment directly on the newspaper's report.

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Essay

Kennedy Going on Nixon

Sex is worth dying for... Sex is indeed imbued with the death instinct.

—Michel Foucault

In Frank Capra's 1946 movie, *It's a Wonderful Life*, the angel allows the James Stewart character, George Bailey, to walk through his hometown and see what the town would have been like if George had never existed. George is an American saint. When he and his works are rescinded, the town becomes harsh and evil.

Play the same game, with a reverse twist. Wander through American history and imagine what it might have been like without certain sinners—without, say, men who have had an appetite for women other than their wives. Sudden voids. The New Deal and the New Frontier might vanish, for example—both Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy had relationships with other women. If all the adulterers who ever served in the U.S. Congress were to have their lives and legislative works obliterated from history, America might revert to forest. Perhaps the Supreme Court would remain intact, its virtue protected by advanced age. Play the game on a world scale, annulling the lives and works of leaders who have fallen into carnality, and much of history vanishes. The sex drive—generator of life, begetter of history—is not an orderly citizen.

Does it matter if a political figure has sexual relationships with people to whom he or she is not married? Is there not a dense hypocrisy in forcing the leading Democratic presidential candidate out of the race because he has spent time alone with women other than his wife? Europeans watch the periodic spasms of American moralism with an air of horrified superiority. America, they conclude, is not a land inhabited by grownups. In the European mind, American sex and power are adolescent urges. American politics can seem dangerous and trivial.

The matter of Gary Hart is not simple.

One turns it in one's mind like an enigmatic object, and with each turning it glints with a different light. The questions raised last week are as complicated as Hart's mind, which is complicated indeed.

Whatever the French think, Americans are not particularly immature on the subject of sex and the misdemeanors of public men. On the whole, Americans tend to look beyond the act. They examine the deed for what it tells them about the man. Americans are not simpletons of morality.

All adulterers are not the same, whatever: Dante's lurid punishments by the appropriate circle of hell. A sinner is not only his sin, but many other things. Strength and weakness coexist. People struggle on through complex weather.

Franklin Roosevelt's romance over the years with Lucy Mercer had a wistful sweetness about it. John Kennedy was ridiculously incautious to get involved with Judith Exner, the girlfriend of a Mafia don. Kennedy's sex drive may have been a healthy creature, a sleek dog that needed to run in the woods, but it struck some as too healthy, edging toward obsession.

Quite apart from the subject of sex, the procession of Presidents after Kennedy has included men of rather peculiar and divided psyche. Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon and Jimmy Car-

ter were personalities utterly different from one another, but they all shared, to some degree, an odd, self-thwarting trait. Each became his own worst enemy.

Gary Hart belongs in that somewhat mysterious recent tradition. He has often, consciously or unconsciously, tried to imitate John Kennedy. He has brushed back his hair with the same gesture that Kennedy used, walked with the same gait, held his hand in his jacket pocket with the thumb sticking out, just as J.F.K. did. He has a penchant for some of the high destinarian rhetoric that Kennedy used, the appeal to a visionary new generation. Hart kept using the first person plural in his press releases. His campaign sounded a note of the bogusly grand. Hart is Kennedy typed on the eighth carbon.

Womanizing was a side of Kennedy too: Did Hart take emulation that far? Yet one could also detect in Hart some unbidden traces of Richard Nixon. Some Americans sensed a troubling vibration in Gary Hart that was difficult to describe, but that rang wrong. Hart may be right to be bitter about the amateur psychiatry that has been practiced upon him. Still, Americans have fairly sensitive instruments of perception. Hart said last week that it was issues that gave him his "link" to the American people, a strange conceptual way of putting it—as if he knew that he had failed to make the real, the visceral connection. Something got in the way, some opacity, or Hart's elaborate system of internal deflectors.

It was a buried anger, maybe, that ricocheted around in Hart, a dybbuk of compulsion. One sensed in him a territory of ignorance about himself. On the evidence of recent weeks, Hart has moments when he is overtaken by a denial of reality, a trait that might be dangerous in the Oval Office.

Nixon always brusquely refused to discuss himself, his character, his emotions. In a 1983 interview, his onetime aide Frank Gannon asked Nixon, "Do you consider that you've had a good life?" Nixon replied, "I don't get into that kind of crap."

Gary Hart doesn't either.

What troubled one about Hart's behavior had nothing to do with sex, really. It was something deeper. Powers of light and of darkness are at war in everyone's soul. Life struggles with death. Hart dramatized the conflict more vividly and, because of his line of work, more visibly, than most of us do. Part of him aspired to great achievement, to ideals. But a self-subverting demon was furiously at work as well. A pre-emptive annihilation of self: Hart describes what a great President he would have been, and then—poof!—is gone. The fantasy makes reality in the air, and then annihilates it. Hart as Prospero.

If Hart wanted so much to create a new America, to enact a new vision, why did he roll grenades under his own tent flaps? There is something in his Arctic eyes, his rhetoric, that gives a chill.

In November of 1962, after losing the California gubernatorial race to Pat Brown, Nixon held a "last press conference" in which he told reporters, "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore." Last week, with infinitely more grace, Gary Hart told reporters basically the same thing. Of course, one must remember that six years after the last press conference, Richard Nixon was sworn in as President of the U.S.

—By Lance Morrow

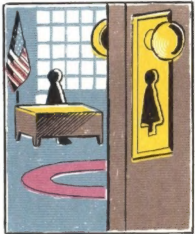


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